THE Nation

AMERICA'S LEADING LIBERAL WEEKLY SINCE 1865

VOLUME 157 NEW YORK · SATURDAY · AUGUST 14, 1943 NUMBER 7

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Published weekly and copyright, 1943, in the U. S. A. by The Nation Associates, Inc., 55 Fifth Ave., New York 3, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter, December 13, 1879, at the Post Office of New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Washington Editorial Bureau: 807 National Press Building.

The Shape of Things

REPORTS ON GERMANY WHICH COME FROM Berlin should naturally be taken with a bag of salt. When they come by way of Madrid, the prescription calls for a barrel. In the first instance they may be true and released by Dr. Goebbels simply because the facts can no longer be hidden; but when they appear to originate in Franco's servile press it is clear that they have been planted there in order to serve a purpose. It is with such justified suspicion that we read the tale of Adolf Hitler's noiseless fall from power and his replacement at the helm of the Third Reich by a triumvirate consisting of Field Marshal Keitel, Grand Admiral Doenitz, and Marshal Goering. The story first appeared in the Falangist paper *Arriba,* whose Berlin correspondent reports that Hitler and the Nazi party are being retained merely as a facade in order to prevent the kind of internal dissolution which accompanied the collapse of Mussolini in Italy. Why should the Germans want such a story to get about without at the same time taking responsibility for it? Without pretending to have the definitive answer, we can see two possible advantages. If the report is given wide credence it will increase the already dangerously prevalent assumption that the war, in Europe at least, is all but over. And it will be grist to the mill of those who have long hankered after a negotiated peace. If we were prepared to dicker with a Badoglio, the Goebbels theory might run, why not with a Keitel? If this is in fact the explanation, then Dr. Goebbels is slipping badly. The technique is as crude as the objective is wishful.

*

THERE IS SOMETHING ABOUT MASS MURDER which appears to elevate wanton killing from the level of crime to the realm of international politics. Upwards of a million innocent civilians have been systematically put to death by the German leaders admittedly because of their race. Hundreds of thousands more have been shot, gassed, or hanged as civilian hostages, contrary to every principle of international law. The enemy has bragged about these and equally monstrous crimes and held them up as a warning to other victims. Yet now that the United States, Britain, and the Soviet Union have appealed to neutral governments not to give shelter to escaping war criminals, there is much talk about the

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right of asylum, as though these self-confessed murderers should by virtue of their defeat acquire the standing of political refugees fleeing persecution. Turkey is reported to be irritated over the alleged slight to its sovereignty, and the Swiss press takes so hostile a tone concerning the three-power *démarche* that Paul Ghali reports from Berne: "As one of my friends put it, 'The attitude of both Sweden and Switzerland seems most propitious for Hitler, Goering, and the rest.'" It is possible that the United Nations might have approached the neutrals more diplomatically; they might even have invited their participation in the conduct of the trials. Nevertheless, the neutrals will, for at least two reasons, be perpetrating a monstrous folly if they give refuge to war criminals merely to demonstrate their sovereignty. First, because failure to bring these men to justice in an orderly fashion will release the fury of the victim nations against all Germans and Italians, the innocent along with the guilty. And second, because by giving asylum the neutrals would draw down on their own heads the bitter hostility of their now tortured neighbors. What, for example, would be the relations between a free Norway and a Sweden which enabled Quisling to enjoy a comfortable old age?

*

THE CONNALLY-SMITH ACT HAS BACKFIRED. In its first test John L. Lewis, its supposed victim, clearly emerges as its chief beneficiary. Following a ruling by Attorney General Biddle that under the act minority groups possess the same right as majority groups to take a strike ballot, members of the United Mine Workers District 50 won a strike vote in the Allis-Chalmers plant in Springfield, Illinois. The vote automatically overturns a previous ballot in which a C. I. O. union had won the right to represent a majority of the employees in the plant, and opens the way to a possible strike in this important war plant early in September. The fact that the U. M. W. is the only important union in the country that does not consider itself bound by labor's post-Pearl Harbor anti-strike pledge makes the Connally-Smith bill a convenient weapon for Lewis in District 50's organizational drive in plants with established C. I. O. and A. F. of L. unions. Attorney General Biddle has been criticized for making an interpretation that so obviously plays into Lewis's hands. But in view of the rejection by Congress of an amendment that would have limited strike votes to majority groups, there can be little doubt that Biddle has accurately reflected the intent of Congress in his interpretation. It is the bill itself that is at fault. Obviously, Congress was more interested in embarrassing the Administration than in punishing Mr. Lewis.

*

THE HARLEM OUTBREAK WAS NOT A RACE riot: at no time was there fighting between Negro and white groups as there was in Los Angeles and Detroit. On that point there has been almost universal agreement among Negroes and whites. But to dismiss the affair as merely an example of hooliganism and vandalism is to dodge the issue completely. There is no question that rioters, hoodlums though they may have been, were protesting in their own way against the many discriminations which Negroes suffer, even in New York. The war has awakened a new sense of racial consciousness among Negroes all over the country, but in no place has it struck so deeply as in Harlem. The men who have been drafted from Harlem have been particularly outraged by the segregation and discrimination practiced in the army and navy, and their protests have fanned the already existing fires of discontent caused by job discrimination, bad housing, high rents, high prices, insufficient recreational and educational opportunities, and occasional police brutality. Under Mayor LaGuardia's personal supervision the police handled the outbreak with considerable effectiveness. But the long-range task of giving Harlem a fair share in the employment, education, health, and recreation facilities of the nation has not been met by city, state, or federal government. Until this is done, there will be constant danger of a repetition of last week's tragedy.

*

FRANK E. GANNETT, NEW YORK NEWSPAPER owner, Presidential aspirant, and eloquent defender of "freedom of the press," has started a campaign to kill "Under Cover," a book by John Roy Carlson which has been widely praised by reviewers as a painstaking exposure of Axis agents and fifth columnists in the United States. Although Mr. Gannett has declared that statements in the book about him personally and the Committee for Constitutional Government of which he is a trustee are "ignorantly or maliciously false, inaccurate, and grossly misleading, libelous, and seriously damaging," he has not, at the time of writing, taken the obvious legal remedy. Instead, the Committee for Constitutional Government, to which the book devotes considerable attention, has sent a notice to booksellers, radio stations, newspapers, and others warning of "probable liability for damages of those who participate in the distribution of the book." This threat has succeeded in scaring Baker and Taylor, the largest book wholesalers in the country, but fortunately the publishers of "Under Cover," E. P. Dutton and Company, are not only sticking to their guns but counter-attacking. They have issued a statement saying that the book was published only after "thorough investigation," that they do not intend to withdraw it, and that they are prepared to offer financial protection to booksellers. Elliott B. MacCrae, secretary-treasurer of the firm, spoke warmly of "attempted intimidation" in a press interview. This characterization of Gannett's effort to suppress a book without incurring the risks of legal action seems to us almost too mild.

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"NOW THERE IS NO INHERENT REASON WHY a ballet dancer . . . cannot also be a good economic analyst," said the New York *Times* editorial. "The only important question is what kind of an economist Mr. Bovingdon is." The *Times*, we thought, is talking sense. Moreover, given its research facilities, it can find out in the twinkling of an edition what the cold facts are about Mr. Bovingdon's qualifications. So we hurried on. But did the *Times* point out that Mr. Bovingdon has a B.A. from Harvard and a Ph.D. in economics from Columbia University? That he speaks and reads Japanese, German, French, Spanish, and Russian, and that he once taught economics at Keio University in Tokyo? Not at all. Instead, it merely quoted an admittedly foolish remark Mr. Bovingdon made about dancing in 1924—people are likely to make foolish remarks about their hobbies. On the basis of that remark the *Times* accused him of having totalitarian tendencies. And the editorial ended by saying that somebody really ought to find out about Bovingdon's economic competence and his "present economic opinions." Surely the worst of dancers never put on a sillier performance than this pirouette by the *Times*. As for the incident itself—the firing of an apparently competent and useful government employee because he likes dancing and, it is whispered, has red leanings—it is only one more proof that Diesism is contagious.

*

GENERAL SMUTS OVERTHREW THE HERTZOG government in 1939 and took South Africa into the war with only a precarious margin of votes, and for nearly four years he has lived dangerously in the face of a powerful opposition dedicated to a policy of neutrality. Moreover, he has had to combat an undercover pro-fascist movement of somewhat formidable proportions which has preached sedition and practiced sabotage. Nevertheless, General Smuts has survived without resorting to dictatorial methods, and this summer, although he could have prolonged the life of Parliament, he chose to seek a new mandate. The decision was that of the stout believer in democracy; the timing revealed the astute politician. For the victories in North Africa, in which South African troops had played an important role, gave his United Party a very favorable electoral springboard. And at the same time the waning prestige of the Axis cooled the ardor of the pro-fascist elements. On July 7 unprecedented numbers of voters went to the polls, a large majority of them intent on "answering Zeesen"—the Nazi radio station which had filled the air with propaganda for the anti-war Reunited Nationalists led by Dr. D. F. Malan. The results, delayed by collecting and counting soldiers' votes, show that General Smuts has won a spectacular victory. The United Party, with its pro-war allies, the Labor and Dominion Parties, received a popular majority of two to one. Together they now have 107 members in a Parliament of 150. Dr. Malan's group, it is true, has held its own, but at the expense of the other anti-war groups, which have now been eliminated. Although the election was fought entirely on the war issue, its outcome means that South Africa will begin the tasks of peace under a leader who is a firm believer in international cooperation.

*

JOSIAH WEDGWOOD—WE NEVER GOT USED to thinking of him as Lord Wedgwood—was one of those "sports" who do much to redeem the general stuffiness of the British upper classes. Born into the industrial aristocracy, a direct descendant of the famous potter, he was a natural radical and spent his life fighting for the under dog. He entered politics as a liberal in the 1906 electoral sweep that brought Campbell-Bannerman to 10 Downing Street and inaugurated what then seemed a series of daring social reforms. After the last war, in which he served with distinction, he joined the Labor Party and held office in the first Labor government. But Wedgwood was never a man to pay too much attention to either party labels or party discipline, and while he adhered to the Socialist creed, he never ceased to be a rampant individualist. He was a man of many causes, and when these were assailed he was quick to take the counter-offensive no matter what opponents he might meet. Of recent years much of his energy had been given to Zionism, and on many occasions he vehemently attacked the British government for its failure to implement its promises to the Jews. Yet for all his belligerence Wedgwood will be mourned by men of every party, for his personal charm made friends of his political enemies. And above all he will be remembered as a representative House-of-Commons man who did much to maintain the great traditions of Parliament.

Mr. Crider's "Scoop"

FROM Washington comes the news flash that the Department of State is floundering about in a muddle of disorganization, internal rivalries, and cross-purposes. Few readers of *The Nation* will be jolted out of their chairs at this revelation, but what elevates the report into the man-bites-dog category of news is its source. Only a week ago Arthur Krock attributed the wave of criticism which has recently engulfed the State Department to "Communists and their fellow-travelers." And now along comes a simple but damning indictment written by one of his own subordinates and splashed on page one of his own New York *Times*.

The dispatch, by John H. Crider, tells of a report to the President by his administrative experts describing "conflicting personalities, lack of cohesive policy, and a

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resulting impairment of the efficiency of the Department of State at a time when it must assume tremendous burdens relating to the effectiveness of the coming peace." Diplomats are reported to be thoroughly bewildered by the conflicting views communicated to them by various department officials. Lack of direction on both French and Italian policy, as Mr. Bolles points out elsewhere in this issue, is glaringly apparent. And the situation has gotten so out of hand that one British diplomat, according to Crider, "recently asked a news correspondent if it was true that two of Secretary of State Cordell Hull's immediate assistants referred to the Secretary by use of an odious epithet."

It is no wonder that Crider's story brought Mr. Krock back from his vacation on the run. For years a faithful tub-thumper for Secretary Hull, Krock tried to repair the damage. Significantly, he did not attempt to refute the Crider story or the report of the President's administrative experts. On the contrary, he dismissed them as "common knowledge in the capital" (as though he had ever conceded the faintest suggestion that all was not harmony in the Department). Then falling back on a previously prepared line of defense, as the military analysts say, he attempted to turn the whole exposé against the President, holding him responsible for saddling Hull with unsympathetic assistants and for failing to dismiss Welles when it became apparent that he and Hull were at loggerheads.

Mr. Krock's detailed analysis seems to us to be full of holes and his own record of reporting on the subject disingenuous, but there is more than a shred of truth about his conclusion. Of course the President is responsible for his own State Department, and it is high time he did something about it. Our own recommendation would be to replace Secretary Hull, who has long demonstrated his incapacity either for administering the department or for evolving a foreign policy that has any relevance to the present state of the world. But we hardly regard such a move as probable in a pre-election year, considering Hull's extraordinary hold on the Southern Democrats.

The President's position is, in fact, an extremely delicate one, and even though the situation is partly of his own making he is entitled to sympathetic understanding. He can give the department the shake-up which is long overdue and run the political risks which such a move would certainly entail. Or he can return to his old policy of creating new and efficient agencies, which would drain off some of the functions of the State Department, at the risk of jurisdictional disputes and inter-agency rivalries. What seems to us utterly illogical, however, and in the long run impossible, is the course the President appears to have chosen. At a crucial diplomatic point in the war he has elected to repose full confidence in the State Department, placing in its hands economic as well as political weapons which in its present condition it is wholly incapable of handling. With this sudden accession of responsibility, the contradictions and dissensions which have long smoldered in the department are naturally rising to the surface. Once discernible only through the microscopes of "cranks" and "fellow-travelers," they are now visible to the naked eye of Arthur Krock.

There Is a Tide . . .

THERE is no means of telling, as we go to press, whether there is any basis for the numerous reports of a meeting between the President, Winston Churchill, and Stalin. But if such a meeting has not been arranged, it ought to be promptly. For the tide of victory is setting strongly toward the shores of the United Nations. The collapse of Mussolini, the capture of Orel and Belgorod, the fall of Catania, the obliteration of Hamburg, the growth of defeatism inside Fortress Europe—these are the surf-marks which show how rapidly the tide is rising. But are we prepared, in either a military or a political sense, to take it at the flood?

Ernest Lindley, an accepted mouthpiece of the Administration, answers this question in rather dismal fashion. "The European war," he says, "is moving almost too fast. . . . Paradoxically, it looks as if Mussolini's collapse came too soon. It might have served us better if it had come two or three months later when Allied armies were fully prepared to invade Italy and the Balkans, and possibly other portions of the European continent." If views of this kind have been transmitted to Moscow, it is not surprising that Russian demands for a second front now should have taken on a peremptory, almost angry tone. For there is no doubt that this is the psychological moment for an invasion of the continent which would strike much nearer the heart of our enemies than Sicily. With the Russian summer offensive developing growing power, with Hitler forced to hurry reserves to the Balkans and Italy, with the German home-front under obvious strain, the effect of a new blow in the west could be shattering.

But Mr. Lindley tells us, and we fear his authority is all too good, that we are not ready for such a move. It is a matter which it is impossible to argue about, as the relevant facts and figures cannot be published. But whatever may be the reasons for military unreadiness there can be no excuse for political delay in exploiting Mussolini's fall. For this was an event which could have been intelligently anticipated and for which political strategists should have been prepared. Unhappily, it took us by surprise and we have not yet decided how to exploit it. Our first, too hasty, assumption was that Badoglio had taken over the government with the intenion of pulling Italy out of the war on our terms—unconditional surrender. Therefore, the O. W. I.'s rude remarks about him

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were repudiated and he was approached with encouraging words while revolutionary developments in Italy were disparaged. It soon became clear, however, that Badoglio's role was that of salvage man for Italy's ruling classes and his idea of suitable peace terms the neutralization of Italy. This proposal seems to have the backing of the Vatican, and it would no doubt be as acceptable to Germany—to which it would afford cheap protection—as it must be unacceptable to us.

Finding that Badoglio has, in fact, nothing to offer and that his tactics are simply affording the Germans time to create a new line on the Po, we are now appealing over his head to the Italian people, and warning them that they must force the new Italian government to seek peace or suffer anew the horrors of bombardment. But how are the Italians to impress their will upon Rome? They can only resort to demonstrations, to strikes, to riots; in short, to actions which both Washington and London have frowned upon as making for anarchy. There was a revolutionary situation in embryo immediately after the fall of Mussolini. But we did nothing to encourage its growth, and while we wait for Badoglio to appear at Eisenhower's headquarters he busies himself in restoring internal "order."

The reception our troops have received in Sicily proves that potentially a large part of the Italian people are our friends. Properly approached, they could become our allies both in compelling the Italian government to come to terms and in ejecting the Nazis from Italy. Those are objectives they almost certainly share with us, but beyond peace and rupture of the Axis alliance the Italians want to be free of the kind of government which has brought them to their present plight. It is absurd to dismiss such arguments as introducing ideological irrelevancies. We can take full advantage of the tide which is washing away the ideas which created this war only if we have better ideas with which to replace them.

Plans for D-Day

THE Republicans, through Harrison Spangler, Chairman of the Republican National Committee, appear to have made another political blunder in their implied opposition to the demobilization program summarized in the President's radio address. Publication of the full report of the Conference on Post-War Readjustment of Civilian and Military Personnel makes it clear that the program the President outlined represents about the minimum that it is politically possible to do.

As contrasted with the planless demobilization of our 5,000,000 service men after the last war, the Conference's ninety-six recommendations represent a mildly encouraging approach to the problem. The period of demobilization is to be stretched out so as to tie in with the gradual conversion of the war industries to peacetime functions. A three-month "furlough" on pay will be given to men released from the forces, after which they are to be entitled to a maximum of six months' protection under unemployment insurance, plus the opportunity for a period of vocational training with pay.

Obviously, this is a far advance from the payment of a $60 bonus which was the sum total of the government's efforts after the last war. But we wonder whether it is going to appear to the average soldier as adequate compensation for the interruption of his civilian career. In money terms—and money is what the returned soldier is going to be needing—the proposals call for maximum assistance of about $690 for the transition period. Taking into account the World War bonus law—and the longer period of service in this conflict—the amount of cash assistance is actually less generous than that finally provided for overseas veterans of World War I. On the reasonable assumption that the transition is going to be much more severe than it was in 1919, and the extent of mass unemployment much greater, this program appears less than adequate to meet the hardships of the rehabilitation period.

Recognizing the limitations of any purely financial settlement of the country's debt to the servicemen, the conference rightly proposes an elaborate program of education, retraining, public works, and agricultural rehabilitation to aid the servicemen in finding their niche in civilian life. On our ability to translate these generalized proposals into concrete, practical terms our whole post-war program will stand or fall. Contrary to the general impression, however, no detailed plans in this direction have yet been formulated and, at the moment, there is no agency empowered to undertake this task. The killing of the National Resources Planning Board by Congress leaves the country without a civilian general staff to prepare a strategy for D-day.

It is not enough to say that educational facilities will be available for servicemen by the time they are demobilized. A huge program for retraining, involving millions of men, cannot be set up overnight. Unless the entire effort is placed under competent educational direction, it might easily become a gigantic boondoggling enterprise without educational value. The same applies to planning for post-war public works and agricultural resettlement. Immediate responsibility for seeing that provision is made for handling this job well in advance of the need rests, of course, with Congress. But we should like to see the President provide much more effective leadership in post-war planning than he has done to date. Concrete plans covering the technical aspects of demobilization should be a matter of public discussion and debate in the months to come. Only through this process shall we be able to meet the test when D-day arrives, whether it is in 1943 or 1949.

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Foreign Policy Wanted

BY BLAIR BOLLES

Washington, August 5

PRESSED by our allies overseas, the Administration at last seems to be moving haltingly toward some sort of recognition of the French Committee of National Liberation; by the time this article appears the grudging gesture may have been made.

The British government wants the committee recognized; the Soviet government wants it recognized; the members of the committee themselves have smoothed the way for recognition by making General de Gaulle the permanent president of a new Committee of National Defense and General Giraud, the darling of the Potomac, commander of the French fighting forces. The impossible arrangement by which the two generals held the same job is wiped out; with that arrangement perhaps will be wiped out our dismal policy toward the French.

Some frank talkers at the State Department itself are willing to grant in private conversation that the French policy has steered the United States into an impossible back alley in which we find ourselves irritably condemning a man whose strength, outside and inside France, grows daily. Despite every Washington effort to cozen, humiliate, and frustrate De Gaulle, he has emerged as the first Frenchman in the world. The State Department knows this and so does the department's chief prop at the White House on French affairs, Admiral Leahy.

The moves toward a change in American policy have all been conducted behind the scenes and back of the smoke screen of President Roosevelt's statement that after all 95 per cent of the French people are under the German heel. When the National Committee was reorganized, Secretary of State Hull would do no more than tell his press conference that the problem of recognition was a matter being studied from week to week and from day to day, though at that very moment he had a communication from the British government urging limited recognition. The full satisfaction of military requirements, which Mr. Hull has said time and again are paramount in the formulation of policy, actually requires recognition, so that the French in North Africa will be in a position to fit adequately into the war.

Washington's dilemma over French policy points up an extraordinary story given page-one prominence by the New York *Times* on August 4. The story, by John H. Crider, attributes to "administrative experts" the discovery that the State Department is inefficient and a breeding ground for dissension. Mr. Hull at once retorted that his department is efficient, but recent events suggest otherwise. We bungled on French policy badly when we played Giraud against De Gaulle. We had no policy of any kind ready when Mussolini gave up the ghost in Italy. We guessed wrong on Badoglio's intentions and gave continental Italy almost a week's respite from the pounding of war—not to mention giving the Germans an opportunity to entrench themselves north of the Po—while we waited for Badoglio to do what apparently he never intended to do, that is, sue for peace. United Nations diplomats here regard this not unnaturally as inefficiency of a major sort.

The Crider story, which shook Washington more vigorously than anything else in weeks, apparently had no ulterior meaning. It bore in many ways the marks of a hot-weather story and contained charges unaccompanied by specific detail. One detail it could have carried concerned our lack of planning for the proper economic exploitation of Sicily. Long ago the Board of Economic Warfare, before it was merged into the Office of Economic Warfare, prepared an elaborate program for American use of the agricultural economy of Sicily immediately following an Allied invasion. The State Department did not accept the program. The military in North Africa did not accept the program. We invaded Sicily without a program, and the result is the United Nations have had to plan long-range shipments of food into an island which, properly worked, could soon after the invasion have begun turning out large quantities of food. A V-mail letter reaching Washington today from a soldier in Sicily comments that besides cantaloupes he and his fellows are getting no Sicilian produce, nor is there prospect they will get any.

The decision announced here two days ago to send Wesley Sturges to Sicily as the State Department's economic representative suggests that perhaps the "administrative advisers" mentioned by Mr. Crider have some influence. Dr. Sturges was a BEW agent, and the BEW has been keener than the State Department in anticipating developments in foreign affairs. The lights burn late in the department; the staff men work long hours; but they grind their noses on the emery of immediate problems which obscure the greater issues, and the result is inefficiency when the major emergency arises. Mr. Hull is an unsinkable public official; but there is a large gap between Mr. Hull's political sagacity and the efficient management of the republic's foreign affairs.

The dissension in the State Department which Mr. Crider's informants referred to is an old and tragic story. It is tragic because it raises bureaucratic storms that render it impossible for the efficient men in the department to do their work as well as they might. The department was long divided into two camps over the question of

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whether we should appease Japan. It is riddled now by rivalry between supporters of Assistant Secretary Adolf Berle, Jr., and the friends of Assistant Secretary Dean Acheson. Both officials work on economic matters. Differences in the department particularly befuddle its approach to the intricate and important problems of international aviation after the war.

Dissension, duplication, and bureaucratic rivalries hamper the development of our foreign policy even beyond the State Department itself. I saw a disturbing number of instances on my recent visit in England. In London, representatives of the State Department, the BEW, and the military quarreled with each other during diplomatic conferences with the British. Ambassador Winant has known his decisions to be reversed when high British officials appealed to Harry Hopkins. The OEW is busy planning the choice of German targets for our bombers; the Office of Strategic Services is busy doing exactly the same thing. The day approaches when the diplomatic aspects of the war will be every bit as vital as the military. Friendly foreign diplomats here wonder how we will meet that phase of the war.

[*Our regular Washington correspondent, I. F. Stone, is on vacation. His weekly letters will reappear with the issue of August 28.*]

Understanding England

BY REINHOLD NIEBUHR

CEMENTING the war-time partnership between Britain and the United States for peace-time purposes is not the most difficult of the many steps which must be taken to achieve a stable and just world order, but it may be first in importance in the sense that, without it, other steps become impossible. It may be harder to bridge the ideological gulf between the Western world and Russia, or the racial gulf between the Western world and Asia. It may be still harder to check the pride and restrain the power of the dominant nations so that the smaller countries may have their due place in world organization. Yet the Anglo-American partnership remains first in order of importance.

This partnership is assumed to be comparatively easy of achievement because of the common language, cultural traditions, and democratic ideals which bind the two nations together. But it must be observed that relatives sometimes find a tolerable accord more difficult than strangers. Minor differences against the background of fundamental similarities sometimes offend the imagination more than wider differences which invite no odious comparisons. It would be easy to refute some misconceptions which Britons harbor about our American democracy in regard to these minor differences. But it will be more profitable to leave the correction of such misconceptions to those in Britain who know us well and to deal on our side primarily with American misconceptions of British life.

Of the two chief prejudices against Britain in the United States, one pertains to its domestic life and the other to its foreign policy. The divergence between the democratic achievements of the two countries is responsible for the first of these prejudices. The United States is socially a more democratic country than Britain and is frequently affronted by the more rigid class structure of British society and the concomitant class snobbishness. But Americans do not generally know that Britain is much more advanced than we in respect to political democracy. Our social equalitarianism is the fruit of a bourgeois democracy that was able to realize the equalitarian ideals of the eighteenth century upon a virgin continent, without accommodating them to the hierarchical structure of feudal society. Britain, on the other hand, represents a remarkable mixture of feudal and bourgeois traditions. It is the one nation of the Western world which was able to give effect to the democratic protest against feudalism without sacrificing some of the virtues of the older order.

Socially, the consequence of this transition is a system in which the classes are more sharply separated than among us. But the political consequence is that Britain still enjoys advantages which we ought to recognize more generously, not only for the sake of better understanding but also with the idea of seeking such advantages for ourselves.

The feudal tradition embodies a much more organic sense of the community than does the bourgeois world. A bourgeois society easily degenerates into warring private interests, each of which claims certain "inalienable rights." The sense of the community, on the other hand, is a highly developed aspect of feudalism. When unleavened by democratic ideals, as was the case in the Middle Ages, the spirit of *noblesse oblige* may find no better expression than the sentimental charities of a "lady bountiful." But when the best aspect of the feudal tradition is left as a factor in a functioning political democracy, as in Britain, a comparatively high degree of justice is achieved, for then the tension of

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competing interests and claims is tempered by a recognition of the final demands of the commonweal.

The difference between the patience of the British under war-time rationing and restrictions and the frequently sullen and sometimes open rebellion of various interest groups in this country is largely the difference between these two traditions. Furthermore, the British take political control of the economic process for granted, while a bourgeois democracy like our own still indulges in the illusion that it is possible for economic life to pursue an independent course. "Manchester" liberalism is practically dead in the land of its birth, but in our own country "liberal" reactionaries regard the political restraints upon economic life made necessary by a technical civilization in general, and by war-time requirements in particular, as a New Deal conspiracy against business. In Britain even privileged groups speak with enthusiasm of the fact that ration coupons are a new kind of money which relate expenditure to need. In my recent visit to Britain I frequently heard what I have never heard in America—an expression of the hope that rationing will continue after the war, on the ground that it is pleasant to eat one's food without the uneasy feeling that one is eating at the expense of someone else.

The political distance between the left-wing Tories and labor in Britain is less than between any Republican group and our New Dealers. British labor may rightly be resentful because the Beveridge plan has not been implemented; and it is certain that a real class debate must precede its final implementation. Nevertheless, the principles of the Beveridge Report have been accepted with a degree of unanimity unknown in our own country. The ideas of Quintin Hogg's group of radical Tories would make Mr. Spangler and the Republican reactionaries purple with rage. Even some of the more conservative Tories would be capable of shocking Mr. Spangler.

There is a certain peril in this degree of political solidarity among the British classes. It tends to obscure some of the basic property issues which must be solved before modern society achieves a real measure of justice. The feudal class system leaves its mark upon the laboring class by giving it an inferiority complex. The larger measure of social justice achieved under the British system adds a degree of political complacency to the sense of social inferiority. In consequence, labor lacks a strong will-to-power. It is hazardous for a stranger to prophesy in such matters; yet I will venture the guess that it will be a long time before labor in Britain controls the government completely. Meanwhile it will probably exact various concessions from conservative governments either by participation or by pressure from without.

This organic rather than rational conception of community relations has the further consequence of emphasizing historical forms of social growth. The British do not like logical systems of political thought. They are on the whole averse to perfectly consistent systems, whether political, philosophical, or theological. They believe in venturing step by step from one liberty to another, from one form of justice to a broader one. In periods of prosperity they speak with pride of this method of "muddling through," though they sometimes engage in self-castigations about it in periods of adversity. This penchant for gradual historical growth gives the British nation a much brighter prospect of a basically peaceful domestic future than we have. The tumults and crises of our political life will continue to astound our British partners, in peace as well as in war.

It must be observed, however, that the international problem of our day has become too revolutionary for this method of approach. It may, ordinarily, be a good thing to follow Pope's advice:

> Be not the first by whom the new are tried
> Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

Yet there are crises in history, such as the present international situation, when the proponents of gradual historical growth may underestimate the degree of novelty in a new situation and thereby fail to take steps sufficiently daring and venturesome to meet the situation.

The British feel that subsequent history has justified their critical appraisal of Woodrow Wilson's rather too abstract approach to world problems, particularly in view of the fact that American "realists" completely negated the plans of world government projected by American "idealists." They are rather glad that the Roosevelt Administration seems to be following the British method of gradually enlarging, and building upon, the closer relations among nations that the war has forced upon us.

Upon this point it seems to me that neither American nor British policy is sufficiently daring for the crisis of our time. Woodrow Wilson's world plans may have been too abstract and the League may not have sufficiently exploited the partnerships which the war alliances had created. Yet the policies of the present do not go far enough. The many problems which must be solved, between Britain and America on the one hand and between the Anglo-Saxon powers and Russia on the other, could be solved more easily if a partnership on broad general lines were projected than they can be if every problem of military, political, and economic pooling is approached without the presupposition of an over-all partnership. Furthermore, there are no really thoroughgoing plans for the application of this pooled power in solving the problems of the Pacific or of the European continent. There is every indication that Russian, British, and American plans are at cross-purposes concerning these problems, in so far as there are any plans. It would be unjust to hold the historical and piecemeal approach of the British solely responsible for the defects of both British and American policy; but it is a fact that that policy is

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too conservative for a period that requires broad plans.

Space permits only the barest mention of the misunderstanding between Britain and America in respect to foreign policy. Underlying the difference is the fact that America's power is preponderantly economic, whereas Britain's is chiefly political. Ours is derived from our continental resources and our unrivaled power of industrial production, while Britain's rests on its vast imperial system. The friction between these two forms of power promises difficulties on every hand. Our greater production of airplanes and ships and Britain's greater number of air bases and harbors is one factor; possible conflict with British sovereignty in countries that produce rubber for the American market is another. Even the reconstruction of the European continent—which will require American credits, while the nearness of Britain and its probably closer tie with Russia will give it greater political authority on the Continent than we are either willing or able to exercise—presents the same possibility of friction between economic and political power.

In the immediate instance, this friction expresses itself in the tendency of liberals in Britain and America to be unduly conscious of the sins of the other country rather than of those of their own. The British left frequently speaks of American politics as if a reactionary triumph in this country were already a foregone conclusion. On the other hand, American liberalism tends to regard British "imperialism" as merely a system of exploitation—a judgment which not only disregards the very great democratic achievement embodied in the "Commonwealth" side of the British Empire, but also obscures some very real accomplishments in British colonial administration. At the opposite extreme are those British idealists who speak of the burdens of empire as if nothing but a sense of moral responsibility could prompt them to bear their imperial tasks. This kind of moralism is as far from the truth as an interpretation of empire which identifies it purely with economic exploitation.

Both Britons and Americans, in short, require more objective criteria for an estimate of imperial tasks and a criticism of imperial vices. Despite American criticism of British imperialism, we shall have to learn in time that power, once possessed, must be exercised; that its occasional misuse is no more grievous than an isolationist effort to disavow its responsibilities; that even the most responsible exercise of power is not free of imperial corruption; and that the danger of the exploitation of the weak by the strong can be overcome only by the gradual elaboration of the most careful political and moral restraints.

A closer relationship between the two Anglo-Saxon powers might reduce friction by preventing a clash between forms of power which ought to supplement each other in a world community of nations. Each people would do well to remember the universal taint of imperial exploitation which accompanies the exercise of power, whether political or economic, when either is tempted to accuse the other. We might, in that event, learn to repent of our own sins, rather than of those of our partner.

25 Years Ago in "The Nation"

NOTWITHSTANDING his clear declaration against secret diplomacy, Mr. Wilson goes on with his secret plans for some sort of international action against Russia . . . a situation which the warmest supporter of the Administration cannot but regret.—*August 3, 1918.*

JUSTICE SEABURY aptly characterized the nominee just designated by the New York gubernatorial primary as "the best representative of the worst element in the Democratic Party in New York." But Alfred Smith is more than that. Aside from his association with Tammany, he has thoroughly earned high office by long and useful public service. . . . Fortunately, the Hearst candidacy collapsed at Saratoga; not even Tammany, which to a considerable extent owes to him its control of the city of New York, could stomach him, and it is universally hoped that this body blow to Mr. Hearst's political aspirations—an insult in themselves to all decent Americans—will forever end his hopes of obtaining office. —*August 3, 1918.*

HAD IT FALLEN to the lot of editors or statesmen to summarize the fourth year of the war six weeks ago, it can hardly be denied that the account would have shown an impressive balance on the Kaiser's side. . . . Within the last six weeks, however, the tide has turned.—*August 3, 1918.*

A REMARKABLE EXPERIMENT in governmental control was begun last week when the Department of Labor took over all the unskilled laborers in the country under a rationing system. It is now unlawful for anyone employing more than a hundred workmen to advertise or otherwise solicit such labor into his employ, except through agencies of the Department.—*August 10, 1918.*

RESTRICTIONS on the use of meat were abolished by the Food Administration on August 9, owing to the fact that the danger of a shortage has now been averted.—*August 17, 1918.*

THE GREAT and sensational case of the United States of America *vs.* William D. Haywood *et al.* resulted in a verdict of "Guilty" against the one hundred defendants. . . . Although the trial consumed over four months, and although the witnesses were numerous and the records unprecedentedly voluminous, the jury deliberated less than two hours. This circumstance was a great surprise to the defendants as well as to many impartial observers. . . . It is in every way to be hoped that a rehearing of the case on appeal, if such rehearing is had, will be neither delayed nor impeded.—VICTOR S. YARROS, *August 31, 1918.*

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Let's Look at Labor

V. UNIONS, RESTRICTED CLIENTELE

BY HERBERT R. NORTHRUP

AMERICAN trade unions have met the problem of organizing Negroes in a variety of ways. A desire to monopolize the market for their members' skill, together with race prejudice, has induced some craft unions to adopt the color bar. Fifteen such organizations still exclude Negroes by explicit provision in their constitutions or rituals. Six of these are small and relatively unimportant, but the other nine—the Machinists, the Commercial Telegraphers, the Railroad Telegraphers, the Railway Mail Association, and the Switchmen (all A. F. of L. affiliates); and the Locomotive Engineers, the Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen, the Railway Conductors, and the Railroad Trainmen (the independent railroad brotherhoods)—include some of the most powerful unions in this country. Five other unions—the Plumbers and Steamfitters, the Electrical Workers, the Asbestos Workers, the Flint Glass Workers, and the Granite Cutters (all A. F. of L. affiliates)—have no rules restricting the admission of Negroes, but their locals generally exclude them by tacit consent. In addition, nine organizations—the Boilermakers and Shipbuilders, the Maintenance of Way Employees, the Railway Carmen, the Railway Clerks, the Blacksmiths, the Sheet Metal Workers, and the Federation of Rural Letter Carriers (of the A. F. of L.) and the Rural Letter Carriers' Association and the American Federation of Railroad Workers (both independent)—confine Negroes to Jim Crow "auxiliaries" which permit them to pay dues but in one way or another deny them a voice in union affairs or an opportunity for occupational advancement.

Some craft unions, for example the Bricklayers and the Plasterers, both of the A. F. of L., have attempted to insure Negroes equality both in the union and on the job. The large number of Negroes in the trowel trades undoubtedly was an important factor in inducing these organizations to adopt such a policy. In addition, unions having jurisdiction over unskilled workers, like the A. F. of L. Hod Carriers and Common Laborers, and those organized on an industrial basis, like the A. F. of L. Ladies' Garment Workers and the unions affiliated with the C. I. O., generally admit Negroes on an equal basis.

Officially, the American Federation of Labor opposes race discrimination without reservation. Actually, it has condoned it in all its forms. Since 1895, it has not once refused affiliation to an organization because it excluded Negroes. On several occasions it organized Negroes into directly affiliated "federal" locals because a constituent union barred them. Then, when the union in question amended its rules so as to admit Negroes to a Jim Crow "auxiliary," the A. F. of L. Executive Council revoked the Negroes' federal charters and forced them to accept an inferior status in the local union.

On the other hand, no national union affiliated with the Congress of Industrial Organizations bars colored workers or confines them to separate locals. Since the C. I. O. was founded by leaders of the Mine Workers and the garment unions, which have long had as liberal racial policies as any unions; since it is committed to a "take in everybody" philosophy, and indeed had to do just that if it wished to organize the mass production industries; and since it contains within its ranks most of the left-wing groups in the labor movement, its opposition to discrimination is not difficult to understand.

Of the twenty-nine unions which by explicit provision or tacit consent either exclude Negroes or afford them only inferior status, thirteen are found on the railroads and six more in railway shops. In no other industry has collective bargaining been so unprofitable for Negroes. Management has denied colored railroad workers promotion and paid them less than whites for performing identical jobs, a fact which is often hidden by classifying Negroes and whites doing the same work under different titles. Rather than admit Negroes and bring their standards up to those of the white workers, two railway brotherhoods, the Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen and the Railroad Trainmen, have attempted for more than fifty years to drive Negro firemen and brakemen off the Southern roads, where nearly all of them are employed. Both appear about to succeed. The Locomotive Firemen signed a contract with most of the Southern railroads in February, 1941, which has the effect of prohibiting the employment of Negroes on engines with Diesel motors or automatic stokers. Under an Interstate Commerce Commission ruling automatic stokers were required to replace hand firing on nearly all steam engines by July 1, 1943.

The Railroad Trainmen have made use of the National Railroad Adjustment Board to achieve their goal. This unique administrative agency was set up by the Railway Labor Act of 1934 as a final court for disputes arising

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out of the interpretation of collective agreements in the railway industry. It is a bi-partisan board composed of management and the standard railway-union representatives, who deny other interested parties a hearing. It has enunciated the principle (with referee sitting in and employer members dissenting) that a particular job "belongs to" a particular class of men. Accordingly, since Negroes who perform brakemen's jobs are usually classified as "porter-brakemen," they have no "right" to such work, even if a railroad has always hired Negroes, and never whites! On April 20, 1942, the First Division of the Adjustment Board (Award No. 6,640) ruled exactly this way. Vigorously dissenting, the employer members declared that this "award seriously transgresses our authority and duty," and demanded a federal investigation. Congress would do well not only to follow this suggestion, but to investigate also the relationship between the racial policies of the railroad unions, particularly the Locomotive Firemen, and the current shortage of labor.

Such an investigation was planned by the Committee on Fair Employment Practices set up by President Roosevelt in June, 1941. The committee had succeeded in opening up employment opportunities to Negroes in many plants which had barred them. But about two weeks before the railroad hearings were to be held—and two days after the President left for the Casablanca conference—Paul V. McNutt, War Manpower Commissioner, into whose agency the committee had been shifted a few months before, called off the railroad hearings. Recently a new committee headed by Father Francis J. Haas has been appointed and the railroad hearings rescheduled for September 15-16. But whether the committee can do more than embarrass the railroad unions by publicizing the sordid details of their policy remains to be seen. In the meantime, the Negro firemen and brakemen, among the highest paid colored workers in the country, continue to be deprived of jobs.

The exclusionist union which carries the greatest threat to the economic future of colored workers is not the Locomotive Firemen or the Railroad Trainmen, but the International Association of Machinists, which recently left the A. F. of L. Founded by railway shopmen in Atlanta, it now has a membership of 500,000, sprawled all over the economy in railway and machine shops, shipyards, and more recently in airplane plants, in which the A. F. of L. has given it exclusive jurisdiction. Had it won collective bargaining rights for most of the aircraft industry, it would have helped to institutionalize the almost universal prejudice which management in this industry exhibited toward Negroes before the war. Fortunately, the equalitarian-minded Auto Workers (C. I. O.) have been more successful in this field. Moreover, the FEPC has forced the Machinists to permit Negroes to work in some of the plants in which they have agreements. Nevertheless, the employment of Negroes in this great industry of the future continues to be small, and the Machinists' union remains a threat to further industrial gains of Negroes wherever it is entrenched.

A few locals of the Machinists have actually admitted Negroes in disregard of the exclusionist clause in their union ritual. Whether this is a sign of reform or a temporary expedient remains to be seen. But until the exclusionist clause is removed, permanent reform is scarcely possible.

For a union to practice equality of treatment, not only must it admit colored workers on an equal basis; it must also insist that jobs be divided without regard to race, and that lay-offs, rehirings, *and promotions* be based upon some principle, such as seniority or ability or some combination of the two, which does not permit discrimination. The promotion problem has come to the fore during the war boom and has been responsible for much friction. White workers, in many instances, have resented the introduction of Negroes into jobs which they regarded as strictly their property. On the other hand, Negroes have justly pointed out that real equality means equal treatment in all phases of the collective agreement. By and large, union officials have backed up the Negroes since the war. It was upon the insistence of the C. I. O. Auto Workers that Negro janitors and foundry workers in the automobile industry were up-graded and trained for jobs in the Detroit factories that have been converted to tank and airplane production. Although harassed by some wild-cat strikes by prejudiced whites, the top officials of this union have not compromised their stand.

The A. F. of L. Ladies' Garment Workers, and such C. I. O. unions as the Steelworkers, the Aluminum Workers, the Electrical, Radio, and Machinery Workers, and the Marine and Shipbuilding Workers have taken a position as firm as that of the Auto Workers in so far as non-discriminatory promotions are concerned. In addition, the last two, together with the C. I. O. National Maritime Union, have played a major role in inducing employers who had never hired Negroes to accept them for the first time.

But equalitarian-minded unions have had little success in opening up the higher-bracket jobs to Negroes in the South. Constantly on the defensive in this area, they have hesitated to make a frontal attack on the custom of reserving the better jobs for whites. Besides, too frequently unions desirous of giving Negroes equal treatment have found it necessary to go slowly lest they induce the majority of white workers to shift to an organization which is not committed to a non-discrimination policy. Thus, while in many instances the split in the labor movement and the rise of the new industrial unions have forced older organizations to liberalize

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their racial policies, too often the lack of a united front has compelled the equalitarian ones to backtrack on their principles.

Despite the failure of unions to revolutionize hiring and promotion practices in the South and despite the activities of such organizations as the railroad brotherhoods and the Machinists, unions are today far more of a help than a hindrance to Negro workers. A great part, perhaps even a majority, of the gains made by Negroes in industry during the last few years can be attributed to union influence. During all their years of unrestricted control, few American employers made any real attempt to give Negroes a square deal in so far as hiring and promotion were concerned. Their excuse was that the white workers would not stand for it. Often this was the case. Yet it has been the unions that have forced management to accept and to promote Negroes, and the union leaders who have kept the protests of prejudiced whites from getting out of hand. In view of the fact that a majority of the discriminatory unions are confined to a few industries, especially railroading, it is likely that organized labor will continue to be a boon to Negroes.

On the other hand, there does not seem to be much hope that the unions which have discriminatory rules will abolish them in the near future. To be sure, there is a minority in most of these organizations which has long advocated just that. But after diligent research, I can report only one union, the A. F. of L. Hotel and Restaurant Employees, which has completely removed the restrictions against colored workers that were once in its laws. The unwarranted emphasis by the armed forces on Jim Crow and the virulent racism that is sweeping the country are likely to retard progress after the war. Certainly there is a crying need for education, not only of the rank and file, but of some union leaders as well.

[*This is the fifth article of a series of seven on the problems confronting the American labor movement. The sixth will appear in two weeks.*]

Jack Raper—Batting for Scripps

BY DEXTER HOYT TEED

SINCE the death of E. W. Scripps, founder of the Scripps-Howard newspapers, the liberal, crusading organization he created has degenerated to a pale and weak conservatism. But there is one man who carries the torch for "E. W.," fighting uncompromisingly for the ideals Scripps advocated during his flamboyant life.

This man is a fragile, seventy-three-year-old little Clevelander who until he speaks looks as if he might be a Mr. Milquetoast of the eighteen-nineties. When he bends his gaze upon a listener, however, and speaks his mind, his quality becomes clear. He is, of course, Jack Raper of the Cleveland *Press*. Though he has never become nationally known, the men with whom he works swear by him and insist, with a catch in their throats, that he is the answer to a newspaperman's prayer and that if there is a last journalist it is he.

Raper expects to retire at the end of this year, after serving for forty-three years as an absolutely independent columnist on the paper that Scripps founded as the *Penny Press* back in the days when nearly every newspaper was the tool of some pressure group, political party, or financial interest. He has not become rich except in the love that other newspapermen, grateful citizens, and those he has helped have bestowed upon him.

Jack Raper knew E. W. Scripps as well as he knew his own mother. He will tell you about him today. "That old bastard!" he will say affectionately. "He drank more whiskey than any man I ever knew, but he was so damnably honest and independent that he makes some of these modern journalists who are out for the almighty dollar look like pigmies. E. W. never owned a block of stock, he was never tied up with any banks, and nobody ever influenced his editorial policy. Of course the *Press* is bigger and more successful financially than it ever was when Scripps was living, but if he controlled it today, the paper would be a stronger editorial force, crooks and shysters who now sometimes get away with murder would be put in a fitting place, and we'd have a better world to live in."

There was a tradition of honest, liberal, and progressive journalism in Cleveland. The *Press* continued it. And in Scripps's early days it began to spread over the country. The Scripps policy was not only good American doctrine; it was also good business. Scripps never suffered serious financial difficulties. The money rolled in and E. W. prospered. Raper found his place on the *Press*, after wandering around the country as a journeyman newspaperman, all the time moved by ideals that were strange in an era when every American boy believed that if he were smart enough he could become a multimillionaire or President.

To understand the Raper of today it is necessary to know his background. He has written of it picturesquely:

> Beginning at the beginning, I was born in McArthur, a town or the town in Vinton County, the hickest county

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> in the state of Ohio, but no hicker than I am, for notwithstanding the fact that I have spent two-thirds of my life in fairly large cities I am a hick, afraid of crowds, street cars, automobiles, traffic cops, head waiters, hat checkers, bootleggers, uplifters, aluminum collars, and hard-boiled shirts, and I shave myself with an old-fashioned straight razor—a hick without a single sign of evolution into an urban.

Young Jack's father wanted him to be a professional man, but Jack ran away from home and got into the newspaper business by the back door. He has never been out of it. Some may say that Raper has been a rare exception in journalism, but that is not so. He caught the spirit of journalism as a youngster and despite pressure from every direction has never forgotten it.

With such a background Raper in recent years has had to face the fact that the Scripps-Howard outlook has changed. Fortunately the *Press* has a gifted editor—in the opinion of many persons the ablest editor in the Scripps-Howard chain. Back in 1928 Louis Seltzer was a "boy editor"; today, a grandfather at forty-five, he is an editorial and political force in the Middle West. Formerly a successful reporter, Seltzer has the knack of humanizing the news.

When the non-Scripps influence descended upon Scripps-Howard, Raper still had a chance under Seltzer to function as an independent thinker. True, Roy Howard had said bluntly that the need for pro-labor liberal journalism was over. The slogan, "Give light and the people will find their own way," still stood, but it had been nullified by Howard's statement, when he returned from Russia, that "the people" were receiving too much information. The Scripps influence was dead as a moving force behind Scripps-Howard journalism. Under the circumstances Jack Raper might have been expected to suffer an eclipse. But he just isn't that kind of person. Seltzer put no brakes on his column, although the *Press's* editorials became more and more conservative. A. T. Birch and John Markham, who wrote them, did not find it difficult to follow the Howard line.

Raper has often directly opposed the editorial policy of the paper. The *Press* was against the city's purchase of the immensely profitable Cleveland Illuminating Company. Raper came out strongly for it. He didn't pull any punches either. He presented facts and proved to many that taxes would be reduced substantially by the purchase and that the city as a whole would benefit. Raper lost that fight, but it didn't discourage him. While editorials were catering more and more to big corporations, Raper still had a feeling for the little man.

Frequent digs at the people and the causes the paper supported have appeared in his column. For example: "Take this for a guide: whenever the big boys are against anything, it is certain to be pretty good for the masses." "I suppose God had some reason for putting bankers here. He made the boll weevil and the corn borer also." "Washington is noting that Governor Bricker is playing the silent game just as Hoover and Coolidge did. And for the same reason those two played it. They couldn't think of anything to say." "Some awful big men can crawl into some mighty small holes." "What this world needs is more open minds and fewer open mouths."

When the *Press* bears down on labor, Raper rises to defend it. He has fired some of his best verbal broadsides at Eddie Rickenbacker.

Often referring in his column to "my esteemed contemp, the Cleveland *Press*," he tears apart some of its best editorial arguments. Sometimes he uses ridicule, sometimes facts. In one of his many speeches he used the tongue-in-the-cheek method. "Certainly I'm not anti-*Press*," he said, "though I am occasionally irritated by the knowledge that I must be careful not to send the editor to jail. But, speaking to you privately and confidentially, I wish now and then that the editor was in jail." Some wondered whether he was referring to Seltzer or Roy Howard.

Seltzer has cannily utilized Raper's forthright liberalism to retain liberal readers antagonized by the change in editorial policy. Seltzer even added to his staff Dilworth Lupton, who writes in a liberal vein but is not averse to compromise. The prestige of Raper's outspoken column has been increased by the contrast.

For months Raper has been a two-fisted critic of Frederick C. Crawford, president of the National Association of Manufacturers. He has objected to both his outlook and his ideas. Seltzer, a man who by nature likes peace in the human family, one day asked Raper to attend a luncheon with him and "meet a friend." Raper became suspicious and asked Seltzer who the friend was. When he learned it was Crawford, he said bluntly, "Louis, I don't want to meet him today, tomorrow, or ten years from today. He isn't my kind and you know it."

Of all the Scripps-Howard papers, the Cleveland *Press* is the most successful. It makes approximately one million dollars a year. Raper is undoubtedly one of the main reasons, for he gives the reading public the straight-from-the-shoulder opinions to which Scripps had accustomed it. Louis Adamic once called him Cleveland's most successful citizen. The late Martin B. Daley, for years an important figure in Cleveland, said of him: "When clashes occurred between the city and the gas company on the ancient question of rates, five words by Raper could do more harm than five pages of costly advertising could repair." Several times people have tried to persuade him to syndicate his column nationally, but he has insisted he wants to write for Cleveland and Cleveland people. "You can't see very good when the spotlight's turned on you," he wrote once in his column —and he may have been thinking of himself.

Raper is probably a rather ordinary human being who

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has used what talents he had and refused to compromise. A spare little man, friendly and chuckling, he moves spryly through the world, pausing to deflate the egos of stuffed shirts, bombastic politicians, and self-seeking crooks. He is invariably cheerful and hopeful while trying doggedly to make people a little more honest and a little more considerate of others. If he appears cynical at times, his cynicism is a fraud. Actually he is warm-hearted and impish. Like the average man that he is, he is skeptical of bigness and "big men." This may be his weakness, but it is a good weakness in an era when many newspapermen have discovered that catering to bigness is the surest way of obtaining financial rewards.

Raper has been surprisingly popular among those who disagree completely with his views. If he speaks before a Rotary Club, he is likely to select a subject such as Jesse James and Other Bank Robbers and then upbraid the bankers for their shortcomings. But he gets their applause. He was the first important Cleveland citizen to denounce the Van Sweringens' top-heavy financial empire. His speech on that subject before the City Club is still recalled as a classic. He described the light that burned in the Cleveland Terminal Tower built by the Van Sweringens, and closed with these words: "There in the tower top it burns, night after night, in memory of the Unknown Bondholder. And there they sit, the unkissed cherubs, symbols of the sublimity of virginity and masculinity. Pure in their private lives. But it can hardly be said that in their relations with the public they practiced continence."

He believes we will win this war and that the American tradition of liberty will be maintained, but some of the things that are happening now irk him. He wrote recently: "A letter-to-Santa-Claus contest conducted at Luke Field, Arizona, was won by a private who said: 'I have always voted the Republican ticket and read the funny papers on Sunday.' Death on the field of battle can hold no terror for such a man."

Raper is annoyed by the caution that has come over the Scripps-Howard chain and even the *Press*. When young Charles Scripps, grandson of E. W., was working on the paper, Raper detected in him a natural leaning toward liberalism and hoped that eventually Charles would be able to reestablish the liberal tradition. But young Scripps went into service soon after the war started. Raper also had hopes of Jack Howard, son of Roy, but Jack is in the navy now.

Raper cannot be wholly happy on a paper that almost invariably is on the side of privilege, that prints editorials written at Scripps-Howard central headquarters, and that allows its sports editor, after the manner of Lucius Beebe, to call the public "peasants." But Raper will be independent to the end. It's his nature, and he will never forget or betray the memory of Scripps.

In the Wind

THE PROPAGANDA BROADCASTS of Robert H. Best, American traitor, on the Berlin radio are now followed by this announcement: "The commentaries by Robert H. Best are his own and do not necessarily represent the views of this station."

SHOWING of the Negro movie, "Cabin in the Sky," at the Maury Theater in Mount Pleasant, Tennessee, was halted half an hour after it opened. A mob gathered in front of the theater and its leader ordered the manager of the theater to stop the showing. The manager went to the sheriff and asked what he should do. The sheriff advised him to obey the mob.

THE POLITICAL VALUES of the Norman, Oklahoma, *Daily Oklahoman* are revealed in two editorials published the same day. On Mussolini: "If he had died before he sent his soldiers to invade Abyssinia, he would have ranked in future history with those who served wisely and patriotically and well." On Henry Wallace's Detroit speech denouncing fascism: "While Americans died in Sicily, Henry Wallace talked politics."

ANTI-JAPANESE SENTIMENT on the West Coast is being used by an outfit called the Home Front Commandos, Inc., to promote drastic anti-alien legislation. One of its leaflets advises immediate action, because "the Pacifists, the Sob Sisters, the Religious Cliques, and the Brotherly Love gang will frustrate anything that may be attempted when peace comes. Now is the time to prepare for the Peace-Time War."

EXEGESIS: *Editor and Publisher* interprets Westbrook Pegler's position for the press: "Pegler is not against unionism. As a matter of fact, he is for it. He expressed great concern that the reaction that might take place with a change of administration in 1944 will go too far against unionism and might tend to build up a fascist organization."

AN ITALIAN underground organization, Justice and Liberty, has recently sent a group of members from its United States branch to Italy, "to continue . . . their fight in the heart of the struggle."

FESTUNG EUROPA: The Nazi propaganda office in Brussels arranged for a captured Russian tank to be driven through the streets. The Brusselers covered it with flowers. . . . A Nazi paper in Lodz, Poland, urges German residents to wear their racial insignia as a "gesture of courage." "Whoever wears the German sign proclaiming his German nationality proves that he does not wish to be lost in the crowd."

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind —either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

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Perplexities of Peace

BY JOSEPH CHAPIRO

IT SEEMS that we know less about the principle of world peace than about how to colonize Mars. "All your misfortunes have not taught you," cried the great French author and preacher Fénelon to the peoples of Europe 250 years ago, "what you must do to banish war." The truth of what he said is confirmed for us daily through the flesh of our sons, if not our own.

Certainly, none of the democratic peoples wanted this war. They made great sacrifices to avoid it. Nevertheless, they were drawn into war, one after the other, by a stronger, undemocratic nation, not because the democratic principle was a failure, or because the peoples adhering to it were betrayed by their governments, but because their statesmen and politicians did not understand the completely new principle of the modern world. A single people can unleash world war. But world peace can be secured only by all the peoples together. That is the lesson of the period between two wars.

The question is, therefore, how do our statesmen intend to apply this lesson and to secure world peace?

It is strange that in spite of the radio and in spite of official propaganda, we hear nothing about their intentions. No official peace program has been announced or even proposed for discussion. True, there is the Atlantic Charter, which was signed by President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill a few months before the United States entered the war. The Charter, however, is but an ethical document, a creed of peace—not in any sense a program. In Moscow, Stalin has addressed some heart-warming messages to the heroic Red Army, but they served to enlighten us about the sentiments of the fighting Russians toward the German people rather than to formulate a peace program for the world. Nor have all the proclamations of the various governments in exile done more. They have been concerned chiefly with the restoration of the sovereignty of countries now under the Nazi yoke.

At the time of the Brest-Litovsk negotiations, that is, less than forty months after the outbreak of the First World War, I was able to publish outlines of twenty-four official peace programs sponsored by the warring powers, programs which basically resembled each other and therefore, at least theoretically, made the continuation of the war an absurdity. Whether those programs were good or bad, they existed. Today, after forty-seven months of war, no sign of a program has appeared.

In the last 150 years, the human spirit has attained undreamed-of heights in all fields except one—that of international politics. But this field, more than any other, rules the fate of collective humanity and of our individual existence. While all other forms of mental activity fructify one another, give and take from one another whatever is creative and challenging, international politics has taken from the inventions, the discoveries, the creations of our civilization only what is destructive, only what contributes to its own retrogression.

The most wonderful thing about the creations of the human spirit is that they fall into a pattern. Thus we are continually adding to the intellectual and spiritual riches which constitute our civilization. But in international politics nothing has been permanent. As the years have passed, each new conquest, for which a higher and higher price has been paid, has had a briefer and briefer existence. For centuries conquests, and the resultant political power of the conquerors, have lasted no longer than a few decades. The work of Charles V, Louis XIV, Napoleon, Bismarck—to name the greatest of them—endured only a bare fifty years. This astonishing phenomenon may be explained by the fact that the statesmen drew their wisdom for the future not from the continuous organic changes of the world but from the past. They let themselves be guided by history, which proved to be a machine running out of gear, a machine which so far has not been able to produce a body of principles that would enable us to establish a future more secure than the bloody past.

History records clamorous events that for the moment shake the world and a few decades later disappear without trace. It seldom records such phenomena as the triumph of steam with all its consequences, the natural development of a unified economy, or the slow victory of electricity. It lingers happily over Napoleon but scarcely mentions Ampère—perhaps because Ampère's triumph was not sealed by a treaty. But Napoleon's work vanished long ago, while electricity in the past 150 years has encircled the world with an external nervous system of such importance that all other systems have had to be quickly adapted to it. Animals which are transported to different living and climatic conditions must adapt their bodily functions to the new conditions or die. Politically we are in the same situation as those animals. The world today is no longer the one in which we thought we lived, and the failure to appreciate that fact has been leading Europe to its ruin.

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THE VATICAN SPEAKS

The following quotations are taken from a Rome shortwave broadcast to Spain, picked up by the C. B. S. Shortwave Listening Station in New York on August 3, 1943.

Turin: Cardinal Maurelio Orsatti, Archbishop of Turin, has addressed a most noble pastoral letter to his followers in which he says among other things:

"Today our august sovereign has placed the government in the firm hands of a caudillo who has demonstrated with facts that he is working only for the good of the fatherland. This is a formidable mission that he has accepted by reason of high duty. We must have faith in him and in his collaborators. It is a crime against the fatherland to interfere with his work in any way, even by criticism. The first measures adopted, as reported by the Italian press, show that the government desires to give the citizens that liberty which all were expecting. But liberty does not mean doing whatever one wishes to do. In fact, we must prove ourselves worthy of this liberty."

Genoa: Throughout all the churches of the Diocese of Genoa, the priests have read a pastoral letter by Cardinal Archbishop Boetto, in which he recalls that the duty of all Christians is to humble themselves to the new legitimately constituted authority with a spirit of comprehension, obedience, and discipline:

"No Christian must associate himself with any demonstrations of political ideas or programs of which he knows little; that is, programs or ideas which don't appear to respect institutions and natural rights. Prayer—the religious institution of the nation—participation at Holy Mass and the other sacraments, modesty in one's habits and ways, generosity and diligence are necessary, especially during these critical days, so that God may show the guiding light to the rulers and give our fatherland prosperity and the spirit of fraternity and of peace in the community of human beings."

The scale of political thinking has changed, and we can no longer work with dimensions which are microscopic in comparison with cosmic, indivisible reality. Scarcely a hundred years ago people in European capitals took no notice of what was happening in Shanghai or in any other distant spot on the earth. Today everyone feels instinctively, without being able to explain why, that any event, however distant, may have fateful consequences for his own country. Nevertheless, since the First World War our statesmen have used an archaic vocabulary, offered us banalities that in no other field of human endeavor would have received the slightest consideration.

I do not believe that the leading statesmen and party leaders of democratic Europe have lacked good will. Our leaders have simply lacked the chief necessity—global vision; and because they have lacked it for two decades, Europe and the world have been plunged into chaos. The democratic statesmen knew that the collapse of the League of Nations, the rearmament of Germany, the conquest of Ethiopia, the murder of the Spanish Republic, the Japanese invasion of China, the rape of Austria and Czechoslovakia, all accompanied by the uninterrupted slaughter of Jews, foretold coming global catastrophe. But they did not know how to organize the world to escape that catastrophe. The greatest calamity of all was that they were not even aware of their ignorance.

Wilson was the first statesman in modern times to think in a cosmic way and to see the world as an entity. He had the world view even before Versailles. When I visited Eamon de Valera in Dublin in 1934, I met a member of the Irish delegation that had been sent to Wilson in Paris in the spring of 1919. He related an episode to me which throws a bright light on the origin of the present tragedy. As the members of the Irish delegation questioned the American President, his replies became weaker and weaker. When they called his attention to the contradictions in what he said, Wilson fell back exhausted into an armchair and in a low voice confessed that if he wanted to keep all his promises and put his original program into effect he would have to send a new army overseas and wage war against all Europe, and of course the American people would never consent to that. This avowal of complete bankruptcy affected the delegation like the announcement of the Apocalypse. As Wilson took leave of his horrified guests, he could only whisper brokenly, "Did you really imagine that I was in a position to make over the world with one stroke? I came here with great hopes. I hoped to accomplish so many things that I have not been able to accomplish . . ."

Our leaders are perplexed, and that in itself is a step forward. In 1919 the old men gathered at Versailles thought they had the remedy in their hands, and they brought Europe to the verge of ruin. In 1943, our leading statesmen are convinced that we are far from possessing the remedy that will save the world, and they are unwilling to dispense the wrong medicine. That is the way I explain the absence of any official peace program. But the best of them know that economically the earth is a single unit and that peace likewise, as the Russians insist, is indivisible. They are groping for the common denominator which will permanently establish a new international system, based upon foundations of mutual trust and constructive idealism. They will find it only if their vision encompasses the whole terrestrial globe, and the political as well as the economic unity of its peoples. If not, Fénelon's cry will be heard again, this time with a violence that no one can foresee.

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Behind the Enemy Line

BY ARGUS

THE eruption of Rome filled Goebbels's ministry with consternation and confusion. By the time these lines appear in print much more water will have flowed down the Tiber, but a glance back at the first convulsions in the German political-dope factory will be instructive. Here is a calendar:

Sunday, July 25: Mussolini's "resignation" is proclaimed in Rome in the afternoon. Berlin doesn't mention it. But all the regular "political reviews" are omitted from the day's radio schedule, without explanation.

Monday, July 26: The bulletin from Rome is read to the radio audience for the first time—before dawn, at 3:37 a.m. Each reading is followed by the explanation, "It is assumed that this change in government is due to the state of Il Duce's health." This, tirelessly repeated, is the only information available all day from radio or newspaper. In the evening comes Badoglio's proclamation that Italy will stay in the war, with a German admonition at the end: "Let the German people take due note of this declaration."

Tuesday, July 27: During the morning hours no further news of any kind from Italy. Only an effort to make this "internal Italian affair" seem unimportant for Germany. The Berlin *Börsenzeitung,* for example:

> The meaning of the Marshal's words is unmistakably clear, in spite of absurd and calumnious speculations by certain pro-British neutral papers which are casting doubt on Italy's honor.

At noon, however, comes the radio commentator Dr. Kriegk with vague hints that possibly everything may not be settled:

> The new development in Italy will cut deeply into the structure of Italian political life. We await developments in the political theater of war with complete calm.

And evidently orders have gone out not to use the word "Axis" any more. The word "Axis" has disappeared from the German vocabulary! No more concrete news. Nothing about the dissolution of the Fascist Party. Nothing about Mussolini, the King, Badoglio, Gayda, Farinacci, etc. Not a word about unrest, demonstrations, fighting.

Wednesday, July 28: Still nothing about the dissolution of the Fascist Party or other developments. Life in Italy is "normal." Only "a few incidents" (those three words, nothing more) have occurred. But it is necessary to explain the lack of news. This is taken care of on the radio by the dark words of Fritz Lucke:

> It is only natural that the German people are waiting with obvious impatience for every piece of information from and about Italy, whose fate particularly concerns us Germans. The German leaders are fully aware of this. But the German leaders know also that such a German statement is nowhere more feverishly awaited than in our enemy's camp. The reason is clear: it is hoped that some very slight German comment will make it possible to draw conclusions about the next German move. For this reason the German leaders maintain silence.

Thus for the first time it is revealed that some sort of "moves" have become necessary. The point is underscored: "It is for the German leaders to determine when the day of action will come." "Brave hearts and cool heads" are commended to the public. By this time it is clear that we have wandered pretty far from the subject of Il Duce's health.

Thursday, July 29: Still no word on the dissolution of the Fascist Party, etc. But Mussolini is suddenly discovered. The principal theme for today is his sixtieth birthday. He is, it appears, a grand old man in momentary and honorable seclusion, still the revered hero of his people. The *Völkische Beobachter* greets him as a "man of the century." And the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* carries the eulogy still further:

> After our victory future generations will venerate in the remarkable personality of Mussolini a great revolutionary who advanced the goal not only for his own people but for the renewal of mankind.

Hitler's gift to his great friend, a magnificent edition of the collected works of Friedrich Nietzsche, is widely commented upon. The possibility of a separate Italian peace is mentioned for the first time—in the form of a denial. Churchill, Roosevelt, and Eisenhower have made a separate peace utterly impossible. As Dr. Kriegk explains:

> Italy realizes now that no confidence can be placed in Britain's or America's word, and the British will have to learn that the Italians can fight if anyone tries to destroy them.

Friday, July 30: Still nothing on the dissolution of the Fascist Party, etc. But Friday is the day Dr. Goebbels's weekly article appears in his magazine, *Das Reich.* There is intense curiosity as to what he will say about Italy. At midday DNB sends out its usual summary of the article—and Italy is not once mentioned. Five hours later the DNB editors receive a notice: they were mistaken in assuming that the article was by Goebbels; it was not by Goebbels. *Das Reich* appears on the newsstands, and for the first time in a year it has no article by Goebbels! The press and the radio suddenly resume the line of three days ago: nothing has changed Italy's international position or its alliance with Germany. Nothing has happened but a change of regime "appropriate to Italian conditions." The Italian people in an hour of danger have "rallied around their King."

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

The Soldier Walks Under the Trees of the University

The walls have been shaded for so many years
By the green magnificence of these great lives
Their bricks are darkened till the end of time.
(Small touching whites in the perpetual
Darkness that saturates the unwalled world;
Saved from the sky by leaves, and from the earth by stone.)
The pupils trust like flowers to the shades
And interminable twilight of these latitudes.

In our zone innocence is born in banks
And cultured in colonies the rich have sown:
The one is spared here what the many share
To write the histories that others are.
The oak escapes the storm that broke the reeds,
They read here; they read, too, of reeds,
Of storms; and are, almost, sublime
In their read ignorance of everything.

The poor are always—somewhere, but not here;
We read of them where they and Guilt subsist
With Death and Evil: in books, in books, in books.
Ah, sweet to contemplate the causes, not the things!
The soul learns fortitude in libraries,
Enduring patience in another's pain,
And pity for the lives we do not change:
All that the world would be, if it were real.

When will the boughs break blazing from these trees,
The darkened walls float heavenward like soot?
The days when men say: "Where we look is fire—
The iron branches flower in my veins"?
In that night even to be rich is difficult,
The world is something even books believe,
The bombs fall all year long among the states,
And the blood is black upon the unturned leaves.

RANDALL JARRELL

Ourself When Young

GENESIS. By Delmore Schwartz. New Directions. $3.

THIS poem may well be characterized in Eliot's words for Pound's "Hugh Selwyn Mauberley": "a positive document of sensibility." It is one of the few such documents recently produced in America. As the war's inattention to culture continues to undermine whatever aesthetic "standards" were professed before it, one is especially pleased by the fact that a young poet has kept his head and his craft well enough to illumine an experience not merely personal but to some extent true of all his perceptive contemporaries.

The time is this century, the place New York, the agonist a third-generation American of Russian-Jewish "extraction"—exquisite official word. We are introduced to him some time after he has fought his way through a New York childhood, memories of which are keeping him from sleep. Ancestral memories, too, going back to the generation which left Russia in dislike of military conscription. This assertion of individuality, generalized, becomes one of the main themes of the poem: the individual attempting to act with free choice in relation to, or at least to become aware of, the "deities"—for example, war, capitalism, sex—which affect him. As the youth recalls episode after episode in his and his parents' lives, they are interpreted both by his own growing intelligence and by a chorus of listening and commenting "ghosts." These symbolize attitudes of living men—cynical, ironic, idealistic—which the vast leisure of death has intensified rather than transformed: the poet is thus enabled to exercise a double irony, confronting the confused haplessness of life with the fully intelligent haplessness of death. The ghosts' dialogues with the hero, in blank verse, alternate with the episodes of family life, narrated in prose. "Genesis," the first book of a longer work, ends, in about the hero's seventh year, as his parents' long-growing estrangement explodes in a highly dramatic scene: his mother, driving by a roadhouse, sees his father dining with a mistress and rushes in, dragging the boy with her, to let loose a flood of hysterical denunciation. This is the catastrophe of the first stage of his pilgrimage: he enters a new phase of realized identity, both as victim and as potential agent. As he meditates on these events he still believes in his mortal capabilities: "The bed, the darkness, and my dear dark body/Are with me, certain—God is a dream!" In answer to which one of the ghosts has the last word: "Poor New York boy, with what finality/You will in time say—and triumphantly!/*O what a metaphysical victory/ The first morning and night of death must be!*"

It will be seen that, in narrative outline at least, the poem belongs to the genus *Bildungsroman,* species "Growing Up in America." What distinguishes it from other American stories treating this theme—I know of no other long poem in the species, barring "Hiawatha"—is that, for all the rigorous realism of its prose sequences, it is not bound by realist conventions. In American writing these conventions—even when there is an attempt to break loose from them, as in Dos Passos's interjections—usually make the hero a mere bundle of emotions, more easily conceived as reacting to than acting on the environment to which the writer devotes most of his descriptive skill. This vice of the fluid or interchangeable protagonist (exercise: distinguish Eugene Gant from Robert Jordan, in six easy lessons) Schwartz has easily surmounted, knowing—to paraphrase Aristotle—that poetry is more philosophic than fiction. His characters are not types so much as symbols, and symbols of human impulses that are clarified, not diluted, by his presentation of their spatial and temporal conditions. This gives them a certain mythical stature, which Schwartz, as his purpose varies, may leave implicit—as in the escaping grandfather's Ulyssean character and adventures; or point up—the final phrase in the narrative of the catastrophe is, "After Medea cried aloud and

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Clytemnestra struck." Thus in his hands the myth element joins the chorus as another double weapon, deftly used both for tragic and ironic connotation; it does not, as with many recent converts to the Myth, become a bludgeon.

The focus, then, of this comedy—in the Dantean sense—of good and evil is not society, or heroism, or adolescence in our time, as with most *Bildungsromane*—an exception being "The Magic Mountain," to which Schwartz's poem is in many ways spiritually akin—but one human individual, presented and considered in all the categories of relation: to his family, the family; to some boys, some girls, childhood; to the sidewalks of New York, the quick and the dead. Schwartz adumbrates a theme of the first importance and value: the infinite possibilities, logically and ethically studied, of human individuality. This and its uncompromising technical skill are what make the poem not only a document but positive. "You lie in the coffin of your character," one of the ghosts says to the boy; but another asks, "Who can recover actuality? And who can win his way to criticism?" If "Genesis" is a statement of this question, it creates confidence that the answer too will be aesthetically valid. Despite occasional garrulous aridity, it suggests as a whole a genuinely tragic view of life, which needs stating more than ever against the prevalent falsettos uttering or claiming to dispel premature indifference and despair.

FRANK JONES

Adventure in the Sky

GOD IS MY CO-PILOT. By Colonel Robert L. Scott, Jr. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

MALTA STORY. By W. L. River. Based on the diary and experiences of Flying Officer Howard M. Coffin, R. A. F. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

TORPEDO 8: THE STORY OF SWEDE LARSON'S BOMBER SQUADRON. By Ira Wolfert. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.

THE young men who are fighting this war in the sky were fascinated, as boys, by the mechanical contraption that enabled men to speed through the air. They simply had to fly. "You are up there pitying all earth-bound creatures," says Robert Scott. They realize, of course, that a staggering percentage of their number die; but each man thinks death may come to someone else, not to him. "Fighter pilots," Colonel Scott explains, "don't think of not coming back."

Scott's first flight, at the age of twelve, was in a glider he built; he took off from the roof of a house and crashed sixty-seven feet to the ground. The next year he bought an ancient plane at an auction and managed to make it go. For the sake of more flying he joined the army and battered his way into West Point. When the army flew the air mail in 1934, Scott was one of the pilots.

He had great difficulty getting into war flying because of his advanced age, thirty-four; but finally he was assigned to a four-motored bomber and set off across the Atlantic and Africa for the Far East in the hope of bombing Tokyo. This didn't work out, and he found himself flying a transport plane over the mountains of Burma and China. He dropped thousands of pounds of rice to starving Chinese soldiers, ferried hundreds of refugees out of Burma (but not General Stilwell, who preferred to walk), and once got lost over Assam bringing three tons of tin out from China to India.

Still Scott's appetite for adventure was unsatisfied, so he talked General Chennault into lending him a P-40 fighter, and conducted a one-man, free-lance war against the Japanese in Burma. He took a morning off one day, just for the fun of it, and flew 29,000 feet to the top of Mt. Everest and on up two miles above it. Then at long last he got what he really wanted—a chance to shoot down Japanese aviators in team warfare. He became commanding officer of the Army Fighter Group in China, which was the successor of the disbanded American Volunteer Group under General Chennault. He and his fellow-flyers were so active that the Tokyo radio belabored and belittled them. "We don't think the American fighter force in China is more than 300 ships," said Tokyo. Actually, the number was thirty-two.

Colonel Scott pecked out his 277-page book with two fingers on a portable typewriter when he returned to the United States, and he did an excellent job of it. The reader gets all the thrills of flying and fighting, with none of the hazards. Why Scott chose the title, "God Is My Co-Pilot," is a mystery known only to him, but it shouldn't put anyone off from reading his exciting tale.

Howard Coffin was air-crazy, too. He joined the R. A. F. and was sent out from England in the summer of 1941, headed for Cairo he hoped. He landed at Malta in a group of 200 fighter pilots, thinking it was only a stop on the way. Then the news was broken to the flyers that they were assigned to Malta for the duration, meaning the duration of their lives. Coffin, however, survived; he was one of the six out of the original 200 who did.

"Malta Story" is a novel, written by W. L. River, about Coffin's year on the most bombed bit of land in the world. There is something of a plot, complete with a love story; this can be skimmed through rapidly. The merit of the book lies in its truly fine picture of the island's struggle for survival under an almost unceasing rain of German and Italian bombs. The picture is well-rounded. One gets the feel of the place, even the smell of it. One gets to know the remarkable Englishman who commanded the flyers and fought with them; the Italian priest who left a safe church in Italy to be with the Maltese for the duration—until he was buried in the wreckage of his cathedral on Easter morning; and the young girl named Lina who steered a fishing boat up to a German flyer in the water, supposedly to rescue him—and killed him with a boat hook.

In "Torpedo 8" Ira Wolfert writes the chronicle of a bomber squadron, starting in Virginia and following the flyers to Hawaii, Midway, and Guadalcanal. In Hawaii they got word that the Japanese were descending on Midway; eighteen men of the squadron were ordered out in six planes to attack the oncoming enemy. "Everybody was down to see them off. It was like a college football team going off to the big game." Of the six planes, one returned, and one of its crew of three was dead.

The men picked for replacements were not happy about coming into Torpedo 8, but Swede Larson, the commanding officer, gave them a talk. "Torpedo 8 still exists," said Swede,

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"and the way I feel, it exists to get vengeance." It did so. The squadron fought in all the air-sea battles of last fall when the Japanese were trying desperately to regain Guadalcanal. It fought until all its planes were smashed. But most of its men were alive on Guadalcanal, so Swede Larson distributed tommy-guns, rifles, and hand grenades and told the men to fight on the ground. It was better for morale than not fighting at all. Torpedo 8 came down to earth, dug foxholes in it, and went on with the war.

These three books—"God Is My Co-Pilot," "Malta Story," and "Torpedo 8"—are primarily adventure stories in that modern locale of adventure, the sky, which still seems an incredible realm to those of us who are earth-bound. They are good books. Sometime, I hope, an even better book will be written about aerial warfare; it will record the changing thoughts of a human being as he progresses from the stage of a boy fascinated by a flying gadget into the premature maturity of a killer.

MARCUS DUFFIELD

"The English"

BRITAIN AND THE BRITISH PEOPLE. By Ernest Barker. Oxford University Press. $1.25.

THE ENGLISH PEOPLE: IMPRESSIONS AND OBSERVATIONS. By D. W. Brogan. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

OF ALL the books that no one can write, those about nations and national character are the most impossible. Perhaps Edmund Burke, who long ago said he did not know the way to indict a whole people, might have been willing to change his meaning slightly, and likewise his spelling, so as to read, "indite"; for the reason which moved him to make the one statement would apply to the other: a people *is* too numerous, too various, too much an epitome of mankind, to be cited for judgment in a formula, or even in a string of formulas modifying and annulling one another.

Yet this truth goes visibly against the common grain. Everyone longs to put into a nutshell his synthetic impression of his own or another people. Stranger still, nearly everyone likes to read the impressions of others on "the Frenchman," "the Englishman," "the American," in order to argue, accept, and reject definitions—dancing a sort of gavotte upon a quicksand. This taste and tendency are always at their height in war time, when the urge to collective curiosity, friendship, and hate is kindled by political necessities. Hence the timeliness of the publication by the Oxford Press of a series of small volumes—including the present one on Britain—under the general title of "The World Today"; and of Mrs. Alfred Knopf's invitation to Professor Brogan to set down his "Impressions and Observations" on the English people.

Though the two works before us were also both written by professors of history, they ought not to be compared. Whereas Ernest Barker's covers in slightly more than 125 pages the standard topics of social and political description, Mr. Brogan's ranges discursively over all imaginable subjects, from Tom Brown's school days to strip-tease vaudeville, in 300 packed pages. It is notable, however, that both writers have been forced by their aim to assert that "the English" are very much a group apart, of whom certain things can be predicated with assurance. Mr. Barker, who once wrote an admirable critique of nationalism, now sets forth a good deal of dubious fact about the presence of certain physical stocks and mental characteristics in the English "mixture," qualifying his belief, in one instance, as "a permissible guess and a pardonable faith." Early in *his* book Mr. Brogan also plumps for the fact that "the Englishman's Englishness is ineradicable. History, climate, general good luck . . . have given him institutions, habits of life, a world view that can only be explained in English terms. . . . [To the Englishman] a world without England would have no adequate standards of rightness. . . . So it has been ever since 'Britain first at heaven's command arose from out the azure main.'"

After taking in these two opinions, whether shared or merely reported by their authors, it is clear that being the chosen nation, and finding material reasons for it, is not a pretense and practice confined to the enemy. I agree with Professor Brogan that this belief in English rightness probably exists in many Englishmen, but I agree even more with his later statement: "At moments, their sole apparent bond of union appears to be the fact that they are 'English,' and being English seems to have hardly any definable content at all." In other words, it is only when one has to talk about "the English" in the lump, or when one follows the will-o'-the-wisp of the typical, the average, the majority, that one succumbs to the nationalist's "permissible guess and pardonable faith."

Yet see where it lands you. In order to speak truthfully of many generations of men living under different conditions Mr. Barker has to conclude that "the British people has not been untouched by poetry, or by the spirit of scientific inquiry and scientific invention, but it may be confessed that in the estimation of the world, if not in its own aspiration, it has largely turned to the practical arts of economics and politics." The whole fallacy lies here: "in its own aspiration"; whose? Chaucer's? Shelley's? Rupert Brooke's? Tell us, if you wish, that like every large mass of people the English care little for poetry and not at all for living poets, but do not perform a subtraction by which English literature is a mere "touch" deductible from Blackstone's "Commentaries" and the (non-poetic) quotations of Lombard Street.

In these matters Professor Brogan does hardly better. He assigns the English *one* art, literature, apparently thinking that the world's ignorance of the great English musical tradition —fully comparable to the German—and of English painting —fully comparable to the French—is a measure of the facts. But he recoups the loss by crediting England especially with the invention of machines and the spread of Darwinism, in manifest injustice to the facts of technological and biological history. The truth is that no discussion of any Western cultural products which is not European in scope and outlook is worth the shelf room it occupies. Partial accounts only harden parochial prejudice, both the overweening and the ignorantly modest.

There remain politics and social life. Mr. Barker's account of these is largely conventional and academic. Little or nothing is said of the way England earns its living. There are chapters on Government, Law, Church, and Social Services but none on trade unionism and few indications of the actual as against the theoretical working of institutions.

In contrast, Professor Brogan's avalanche of concrete and

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diverse facts is excessive and unmanageable. For a reason that I cannot guess, Professor Brogan seems throughout to be looking over his shoulder at his English audience. He told us earlier that England is explicable only in English terms, which I find a paradoxical type of explanation. At any rate, though he has lived for long periods in this country and knows much about it, he has hardly taken pains to make his often subtle views clear to Americans. His chapters are ill-organized, full of distracting comparisons, and choked with supporting proofs in the form of frequent half-page footnotes. Above all, he is smartly allusive à la Guedalla. How many of his American readers will understand even so simple a sentence as "We have moved a long way from Tract XC"? I should like a Gallup poll on the subject. And again, who outside a university will understand Carthusians to be pupils of Charterhouse School or will grasp the sense of comparing the Monmouth rebellion with *la Vendée?* There is not a page without a puzzle. It is really a pity that a writer so full of knowledge, wisdom, and fine wit should have missed the opportunity of being at once informative and enlightened, of acting as a real translator of meanings between the two countries he knows so well.

For in the hands of a somewhat studious reader Mr. Brogan's book is useful, entertaining, rich in new material and solid thinking. His opening sermon on political morality is refreshing; his fairness and historical sense in dealing with Germany are very creditable, and his willingness to pitch into American errors of judgment shows courage. But the form and the criteria of selection are wanting. I am convinced by both these volumes on England that except for works of genius like Bagehot's "English Constitution," the form requisite to convey an explanation of a people is the historical. Don't describe! Tell us what happened, who was there, and who said what. Then we may get something nearer the tangled reality of national traditions and national divisions. We hear about minority views as well as prevailing ones, we see genius as well as crime, without being compelled to strike an average; we see the assets pell-mell with the liabilities; we see human history, in short, instead of a balance sheet for the past drawn up by a necessarily uncertified private accountant.

JACQUES BARZUN

The Island of Chile

CHILE: A GEOGRAPHIC EXTRAVAGANZA. By Benjamín Subercaseaux. Translated by Angel Flores. The Macmillan Company. $3.

IN THIS "crazy geography," as a literal translation of the original Spanish title of this book would have it, one of the best known of Chile's young writers gives us a penetrating description of his country and his countrymen.

The geography of Chile is unique. Its central section has a climate as Mediterranean as Italy, in the south it is a replica of Norway, and the person most likely to be at home in its northern desert would probably be an Arab from Libya. These things are well known to all, but it has taken a writer who is not a professional geographer to point out a large number of interesting consequences. Chile is separated from the world by a desert in the north, it faces polar ice in the south and the Andes on the east, while in the west it confronts the limitless expanse of the Pacific. Until the coming of the plane, in fact, it was one of the most isolated countries in the world and, indeed, "should be called an island even though this does not fit in with the geographical definition of an island." When one realizes these facts it is not so surprising that Chileans have lived "immersed in isolation," and that it took them longer than most South Americans to awaken to the menace of the Axis.

The title of "crazy geography" which Mr. Subercaseaux gave to his book does not refer, however, to the configuration of Chile, but to the unorthodox way in which he has tackled his subject. "What we are seeking here," he says, "is to get the feeling of Chile," and he begins forthwith to describe it in a manner as refreshingly original in style as it is unusual in content. He springs a surprise on the reader from the very first page, for he sets out to praise the Portuguese discoverers at the expense of the Spanish captains, most unusual for anyone from a Spanish-speaking country. That this is no momentary aberration is proved by a reference later on in the book to the conquistadors, who have in recent times been the recipients of the most fulsome praise, and whom he calls "dull." Mr. Subercaseaux has strong individual views.

Slicing his country up into neat and picturesquely labeled sections—the nitrate region, for example, he calls the "Land of Tranquil Mornings," and the lake district the "Land of the Blue Mirrors"—he takes the reader down the entire 2,600-mile length of Chile from Arica to the fastnesses of Tierra del Fuego. His main concern is the appearance, location, and above all the spirit of its mountains, cities, and people. He is openly scornful of current geographies which "are economic, as if written for merchants," and he brings his own discussions of these matters to life by dealing extensively with the people who live in the many climates of Chile, how they earn their bread, and how they think.

Mr. Subercaseaux is critical of much that he sees in his country, and it would appear that large numbers of his countrymen are too, for this book was a best-seller in Chile. Although he is a member of one of the first families in the country, he openly voices his disapproval of the great landowners: "Each *hacendado* has a tone, a family virtue, and a self-assurance which makes association with him painful to me." He has a fellow-feeling for the depressed and the poverty-stricken, the Indians, the coal miners of Lota, who live in "an accumulation of poor narrow streets filled with gloomy shacks."

This "crazy geography" may not be the work of a trained geographer, but it is certainly that of a man who knows every inch of Chile and is remarkably observant. It has plenty of spice in it, and the meat to go with it.

The translation is ably done, although it might perhaps be mentioned that kilometers do not make so much sense to a northern eye as miles. It is a pity that somebody did not take a hint from the title of one of the chapters, Wherein a Good Map Is Needed to Find Out Where You Are, for after going through a maze of names of places not mentioned on the highly decorative but quite inadequate map on the first end paper, or indeed in most atlases, the reader is liable to find himself in doubt as to his whereabouts.

C. A. HUTCHINSON

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Mitchell's Wonderful McSorley

McSORLEY'S WONDERFUL SALOON. By Joseph Mitchell. Duell, Sloan, and Pearce. $2.50.

GENRE paintings resemble feature stories. They take a mellow, or raffish, or appetizing area of life and memorialize it by the affection they have for their subject. Too often, unfortunately, they remain ephemeral, registering but a moment of warmth. But John Sloan's painting of McSorley's, an old bar on East Seventh Street, in New York, is still remembered. And other painters, though somewhat less impressively, have also inscribed their affection for the place. Now Joseph Mitchell, ex-newspaperman who contributes special features to the *New Yorker,* has assembled twenty of these pieces and put them in a book with the title of "McSorley's Wonderful Saloon."

He begins with McSorley's, recounting its sawdust career under four changes of management in the last eighty-nine years. Then he ambles over to the Bowery, where he describes Mazie, the brassy blonde who presides at the ticket window of the "bums' " favorite movie palace. He inspects gypsies and museum-keepers; glorifies Joe Gould, the Greenwich Village eccentric who has translated several of Longfellow's poems into Seagull; chats with Madame Olga, the Bearded Lady, and laments the lapse into respectability of a once boisterous gin mill. He sympathizes with old scrubbers from the skyscrapers and with cave-dwellers from Central Park. He finds a drinking reformer and a Times Square "sport" who arranges a yearly benefit ball for himself.

In the second section of his book, Mr. Mitchell celebrates beefsteak fests, clam-diggers, and terrapin-raisers; in a third he suggests potentialities as a short-story writer (in Goodbye, Shirley Temple and in On the Wagon), while in the last he delineates both joys and depredations in his home community near the Little Pee Dee River, in North Carolina. For the most part he remains objective, assembling facts, measuring, limiting himself to exact data. This gives one the sense of an honest camera shot, deliberate but unmoving. Sometimes he chides city inhabitants for their lack of gumption, and then he seems to editorialize. At best, he touches some subterranean chord which puts us *en rapport* with the metropolitan community. Old McSorley—father and then son—draws the taps and eyes the aging men who harbor in the creaking chairs. Mazie, locking her wicket, paces the darker reaches of the Bowery, seeking the wastrels who might otherwise perish in the night. These moments are cherishable, and they give us something that O'Henry, in many ways the predecessor of Mitchell, could not convey.

This is the sympathetic penetration of life. Sloan had it in "McSorley's," and certainly in his early etchings. The more smoldering George Luks—surely an American genre painter if there ever was one—all but entered the very marrow of his subjects. True, the density and the richness are not attained to the same degree as in the Dutch, such as Van Ostade, or the demoniac Jan Steen. But new affiliations have been made between man and his fellows. And in this sense, Joseph Mitchell, who is at all times a scrupulous and attentive writer, has contributed something comparable to the best of our twentieth-century genre painters. JEROME MELLQUIST

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IN BRIEF

THE FIGHTING SOUTH. By John Temple Graves. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.75.

This seems the most genuinely revealing of the several books of the past few years by Southern liberals about the South. It describes rather than theorizes, and is particular rather than general. When explanations and theories are called for, Mr. Graves marshals views of every sort by direct quotation, and leaves the reader to draw conclusions. The author's own views are urbanely elaborated, with a mixture of personal detail charmingly interwoven. He lays bare the shortcomings of the South while preserving a warm natural belief, hardly requiring explicit statement, in what every Southerner regards as the qualities of the South. It is equally clear that his love of the South is part of his love of America, as his love of America is part of his love of humanity. In short, he is a natural, not theoretical, liberal, democrat, and patriot.

THE LIFE AND WORKS OF BEETHOVEN. By John N. Burk. Random House. $2.75.

In this substantial volume a separate half is given to the works of Beethoven, which are listed and analyzed with the conciseness, learning, and taste which those who are familiar with Mr. Burk's musical criticism would expect. There are also a valuable list of phonograph records and a useful index; but, curiously enough, no bibliography is provided for the serious reader whom this volume will attract. The accompanying life is, however, based on the best published sources. Although it does not pretend to the same general appeal as Mr. Burk's beautiful "Clara Schumann: A Romantic Biography," it is written with the same simplicity and escapes both the sentimental and clinical interpretations to achieve a plain realism rare in lives of the musical Titan.

LIGHTING UP LIBERIA. By Arthur I. Hayman and Harold Preece. Creative Age Press. $2.50.

Mr. Hayman spent many years—though he is still a young man—as a company administrator in Liberia. With the collaboration of Harold Preece he has compressed into one short and absorbing book, made up of history, sociology, autobiography, politics, and anthropology, enough to leave the name of Liberia permanently etched on any liberal American's consciousness and conscience. If the historical portions are slightly too fictionalized, there is nothing fictional about the passionate exposé of social and political conditions maintained with our connivance—conditions on which Mr. Hayman is careful to quote verbatim the reports of the League Commission.

WILLIAM PRESTON JOHNSTON. A Transitional Figure of the Confederacy. By Arthur Marvin Shaw. Louisiana State University Press. $3.

The subject of this biography is the eldest son of the Confederate general Albert Sidney Johnston and the biographer of his father. He fought in the Confederate army and after the war was professor under Lee at Lexington, Virginia, president of Louisiana State University, and first president of Tulane University. Mr. Shaw's book is written in a scholarly manner and fully documented from published and unpublished sources.

DRAMA

THE amateur spirit, when it is supported by just enough professional skill to keep it off the ground, is a bewitching sprite; and the amateur spirit animates the cast and disarms, and charms, the audience at "The Army Play by Play" (Martin Beck Theater). It is practically embodied in Pfc Keith Davis, who starts off the performance by singing "Wartime Lullaby." The song, written by Mrs. General Drum, is terrible, but Private Davis, with his sparkling blue eyes, his happy smile, his "nice singing voice," and his desire to please is quite irresistible. (In all fairness I should say that Mrs. Drum's unrelieved imitation of the worst song of World War I, "Just a Baby's Prayer, etc.," is not a whit worse than the other song Mr. Davis sings, which is, if I heard aright, one of the lesser works of Woodrow Wilson.)

Fortunately the five plays are, with one exception, far better than the lyrics of Drum and Wilson. These plays are the prize winners among 115 submitted from United States Army posts throughout the world in a contest sponsored by John Golden in association with the Army Second Service Command. Two of them were written by former actors, one by a radio serial writer, one by a Yale School of Drama man who had done a good deal of minor directing here and there, and one by a Viennese, now a corporal in the American army, who studied with Max Reinhardt. (Meaning no offense, is there any theatrically literate refugee who *hasn't* worked or studied with Reinhardt?)

The best of the plays is Corporal Irving Gaynor Nieman's "Button Your Lip," in which the most sensational rumors-about-camp settle on a rookie. He is suspected (1) of being a saboteur and (2) of being the boy friend of the visiting film star. It's an amusing situation and it is nicely tossed about. Needless to say, there is a happy-as-usual ending in which a lieutenant is made to look silly and the film star embraces the rookie. The next best is "Pack Up Your Troubles" by Pfc Alfred D. Geto, in which two Nazi spies get hopelessly entangled with a private who is trying against all the odds and regulations to make a telephone call to a Long Island hospital where his wife is having a baby. "Where'er We Go" by Pfc John B. O'Dea pretends to be no more than a slice of life—cut very thin—in almost any barracks, and it does very well as that.

"Mail Call" by Air Cadet, now Lieutenant, Ralph Nelson is the only one of the plays that can be called serious—the buddies of a soldier who has been shot for running away in battle write a letter to his family, certifying his bravery—but the script is not equal to the theme. As for "First Cousins," a melodrama by Corporal Kurt S. Kasznar, I regret to say it is quite bad, Reinhardt or no Reinhardt.

The sketches by American soldiers play only over the surface of army life, which, as it appears here, is something of a cross between urban collegiate and juke-box. The dialogue is facile and fairly fast, and a good deal of it sounds as if it might have been dipped out of that endless flood of patter which pours out of Hollywood and the radio. It is entertaining while it lasts—and "The Army Play by Play" provides a pleasant evening—but it offers no food for second thought. I was going to say that I would have expected something better among those 115 plays, but experience distills slowly and it is not likely that we shall get the real story of army life in World War II for some time to come. This version is definitely slanted to the lighter, noisier aspects. At one or two points there is the sound of whistling in the dark, but it would be foolish to assume that any great proportion of

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men in the army know it's dark—if only because the general run of Americans of which they are a part is scarcely aware of it either.

The five plays are interspersed with specialties which deserve mention. Private Jules Munshin's caricatures are extremely clever, and you have no idea how funny a couple of acrobats can look—in this case the Brothers Arnaut—when they go on playing their violins, in unison, no matter what outlandish positions they get into.

"The Two Mrs. Carrolls" with Elisabeth Bergner (Booth Theater) brings up several rather old and tiresome questions: (1) How could an agent, a producer, or a director, let alone all three, read this play by Martin Vale and not know at the end of the first act that it was hopelessly bad from every point of view—dramatic, literary, commercial? (2) Assuming it got to the point of rehearsal, how could these same people see it through more than once and still not recognize that simple, overpowering fact? (3) Why does an actress with the reputation of Elisabeth Bergner consent to appear in such a play? And (4) having committed herself to it why does she play the part of a murderee in a cheap melodrama as if it were a totally different part in a totally different kind of play?

MARGARET MARSHALL

RECORDS

FOR years now one has been able to observe Stokowski's tendency in the direction of tonal elephantiasis by comparing his new recorded performance of a work with his early one. Thus, his performance of the E flat minor Prelude from Book 1 of Bach's Well-Tempered Clavier with the Philadelphia Orchestra many years ago—which was lurid enough, God knows—took one side of a Victor record; but now two sides in Columbia's latest Bach-Stokowski set (541, $3.50) are needed for all the expanding and contracting of string tone that is his performance of the piece with the All-American Orchestra. The volume also includes two pieces which Stokowski has, I believe, newly transcribed for his purpose: one is the Andante movement from the A minor Sonata for unaccompanied violin, which he calls Andante Sostenuto to correspond with its transformation from a piece intended to be taken at a "walking" pace to a dirge that permits all the phony-eloquent orchestral goings-on which he waves his hands over. And the slow movement of the F minor Clavier Concerto gets the same treatment.

I dare say the expanding and contracting sound was exciting to listen to in the living performance; but from these records it comes out of a wide-range reproducing set-up—a Scott 23 with a Brush pickup—muddy, gritty, distorted, and mixed with the noises of bad surfaces. Nor is it much better when the range is reduced by switching to an Astatic Trutan pickup; only when the range is further reduced by use of the treble-control does one get a sound that is wholly lacking in brightness and brilliance, but agreeable to the ear and unmixed with noises. In addition, sides 1 and 6 of my review copy waver badly in pitch. But the set is worth its price for the cover design, which in pictorial terms achieves one of the most perceptive critical evaluations of Stokowski that I have encountered.

Columbia also has issued Brahms's Sonata Opus 120 No. 1 for piano and viola (Set 487, $3.50), in which one may observe Brahms in the process of grinding it out, using all his skill in manipulating sounds to produce an external shell of a sonata structure—the themes, the transitions, the hushed suspense here, the imposing climax there—which is hollow and empty inside. The performance by Egon Petri and Samuel Lifschey is excellent; its recorded sound is fairly good—with the piano clear and true but dull, and the viola on the other hand a little shrill. The surfaces are bad; and the fifth side of my review copy wavers a little in pitch.

A year or so ago Victor issued a set in which three of Wagner's five songs to Mathilde Wesendonck—"Träume," "Im Treibhaus," and "Schmerzen"—were sung by Traubel with the Philadelphia Orchestra under Stokowski. Now Columbia has issued "Träume" and "Im Treibhaus" sung by Lotte Lehmann with piano accompaniments by Paul Ulanowsky (71469-D, $1). I continue to find "Träume" only slightly interesting; but "Im Treibhaus," I now realize, is one of Wagner's most extraordinary compositions: it uses the thematic material of his wonderful orchestral Prelude to the third act of "Tristan und Isolde" in a piece of declamation which astoundingly anticipates the harmonic disintegration and the declamatory vocal line that we have heard in our own century. As for the merits of the Traubel and Lehmann versions, Traubel's voice was afflicted by strong tremolo in "Träume," but was steady, powerful, and opulent in "Im Treibhaus"; at its best, however, her singing lacked the emotional warmth and subtle inflection that make Lehmann's performances so deeply affecting. The orchestral coloring also is important in these songs; but on the Victor records the orchestra was blanketed by the voice much of the time, whereas the piano is heard clearly on the Columbia record. Then the introduction which Wagner thought it necessary to write for "Träume" must be considered important; and the Columbia record includes it, whereas the Victor omitted it. Voice and piano are well reproduced on the Columbia record; surfaces are poor.

The older set which Columbia features as its record classic for August is the one of Beecham's performance of Act 4 of Puccini's "La Bohême" with the London Philharmonic, Lisa Perli, Stella Andreva, Heddle Nash, John Brownlee, and others (Set 274, $4.50). Puccini was my first love in opera—and it was the music, not only Farrar's looks, that held me enthralled; but today I find its pallid sentimentalities and archnesses and the style of their execution unendurable. I must therefore regret Columbia's choice of the music; but it is right about the performance and recording, which are very fine. And the surfaces are quiet—which is something I have noticed about other such recent Columbia pressings of older recordings that were made in England. It would seem to indicate that the processing of the recording itself has something to do with the amount of noise from surfaces.

B. H. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editors

Con

Dear Sirs: I had intended to write earlier to say that I have been in the government service since the administration of William Howard Taft, 1910 to be exact, grew up in and around Washington, and think I have a pretty extensive knowledge of government departments, and what XXX had to say in Washington Gestapo was all news to me. I cannot count the number of times CS and FBI investigators have come to me to ask about prospective appointees these many years, and I have been asked no such questions as were recorded. On several occasions recently investigators of both agencies have commented favorably on Jews because they would be anti-Nazi, hence safe. The whole drive of questioning has been to ascertain loyalty in the sense of not being Nazi-fascist; personal questions in no case concerned the details XXX stresses. Hence I am completely puzzled by the revelations. T. S. H.

Falls Church, Va., July 31

. . . and Pro

Dear Sirs: As a fellow-sufferer from various and lengthy investigations, I can fully corroborate the statements made by the writer of Washington Gestapo in your issue of July 17. I too have been questioned concerning my past, my future, about the company I keep and the company I have kept. Of course my qualifications were of the highest and while my record would not fill a half-page of "Who's Who," it has been noticed by some.

To keep the record straight, I too have been interviewed concerning the "character" of prospective employees or employees of various branches of the government service, both civilian and military. The questions enumerated by your writer sounded very familiar, and with minor variations due to the individual initiative of the particular investigator are about the same as I was asked. One investigator went so far as to ask whether employee Z had displayed any preference in the recent discussions between Poland and Russia. Another wanted to know about employee Y's attitude toward the Rapp-Coudert investigation. A third wanted to know whether Z had shown sympathy for the Loyalists during the Spanish Civil War.

Were it not for the fact that we are a nation engaged in a life-and-death struggle for survival as a democracy, the above might be glossed over as trivial and amusing incidents involving minor government officials. As it is, however, the character of these investigations reflects the ugly picture of biased officials sniping at loyal Americans on the home front, sapping their morale and interfering with essential and even vital activities here at home. Some of these investigators should be investigated. Or are they simply carrying out instructions? A *Nation* READER

North Conway, N. H., July 25

What Makes Republicans That Way

Dear Sirs: For twenty years I have lived in a Connecticut community, a beautiful town infested with Republicans. The figures are, I believe, about 90 per cent. Someone asked me why I lived in an environment which was so unsympathetic. I replied, "I am not very bright and I know it. Hence I have an inferiority complex. However, all things are relative, and to live among these economic illiterates builds me up. Furthermore, as William Blake wrote, 'Love relaxes—damn braces.'" So, living here, I am always braced.

What particularly irritates these people is that I bear all the labels the snobs revere: Brookline, the Back Bay, the Harvard Club of New York. My "shibboleth" is as authentic as theirs. Even worse, my wife is a member of the Junior League. That makes me "a traitor to my class."

To study such people in their habitat is an educational if not elevating experience. I am now ready to report upon what makes reactionaries tick, or even whirr and explode.

First: they are, literally, economically illiterate. Study the libraries in their beautiful homes and you will find not one volume dealing with economics. They are completely without the information necessary to an intelligent verdict upon a political question. I am willing to grant that certain minds which are truly informed might honestly arrive at a reactionary conclusion, a conclusion which I would reject. These are natural Tories and not all of them are uninformed or unintelligent. Their limitation is one of heart rather than of head. They are ungenerous and lack a social conscience. They need more of the milk of human kindness. Also, usually, they are unimaginative.

These neighbors of mine, however, are not educated relative to today's problems. This does not explain their psychopathic hatred of President Roosevelt. My clinical analysis is as follows: Within almost everyone is what old-fashioned people called a conscience. It is the force which is insistently challenging us to grow larger, to "build more stately mansions." What an irritating factor! A foe to complacency; a spur to progress. Who wants to be spurred? Doesn't a horse hate a spur? These rabid Republicans hate Roosevelt because he is a challenge; he makes them uncomfortable. Their consciences know that he is superior in largeness, in charity, in breadth of sympathy, and in intelligence. What an annoyance! Damn the man! Instead of facing themselves honestly and seeking to emulate him it is much easier to damn him. Thus they achieve a temporary surcease from their discomfort. By gathering together for the purpose of assuring one another of the worthlessness of "that man in the White House" they get the same result yielded by aspirin in the case of pain. No such bitterness was displayed against Wilson because he did not deal with social-economic problems. He did not make people uncomfortable. Prior to the Civil War, Southern slaveholders hated the Abolitionists with venomous ferocity because the latter attacked them upon a point regarding which many of them already felt uncomfortable. Toward the North as a whole they felt no such hostility. "It's the truth that cuts." Thus President Roosevelt, with his obvious sympathy for the under dog ("the only true democrat is the aristocrat"); his instinctive sense of justice; his mildness, like that of a noble Newfoundland; his patent superiority to his detractors, even in facial expression and personal appearance, is a living indictment of their pettiness, their ungenerous natures.

As an American, one feels ashamed of these expressions of everything contrary to the ideals of Jefferson, Jackson,

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and Lincoln. One wonders why a nation which was given such an opportunity to create "a brave new world" on an unspoiled continent should have bred such types. Then one realizes that probably they are merely at a lower point of spiritual progress, that we who flatter ourselves upon our superiority to them are far from perfect; and we possess our souls in patience. In Whitman's words, "perhaps we passed that way huge times ago." Doubtless all Roosevelt-baiters die and go to Hell for a period, but as Emerson said, "although Hell exists it is disciplinary, not punitive, in its significance." Thus:

> So long as the Light holds out to burn
> The vilest Republican may return.

EDWARD J. LEONARD

South Norwalk, Conn., July 1

Not Lost

Dear Sirs: To my disadvantage a trial subscription to *The Nation* ends this month. First I would like to say that although the subscription is not to be renewed you will not be losing a reader—a very much enlightened and thankful reader—as I have already made arrangements with my book dealer to hold a copy for me each week. Paradoxical it may be, but while I can save fifteen cents a week by walking a fare limit, or smoking a little less, or spending a nickel or so less for a breakfast or lunch here and there, I can't raise $5 in a lump sum. I've tried it but every time I had two or three dollars put aside, away it would go for one of the books reviewed in *The Nation.* Reviewed in a way that only *Nation* reviewers can do it. Reviews that whet the appetite. Reviews that can be depended on, especially when a recommendation is made (maybe when the book is condemned too, but I've yet either to read or to buy a book that has been condemned by *Nation* reviewers).

Secondly: A few thank-you's. To I. F. Stone for his brave "inside" stories of doings in Washington. To Jack Barrett for his cross-word puzzles (although I've yet to solve completely one of the damned things). To Diana Trilling for tips on good fiction and for tips on "what-not-to-read" fiction. To the Editors for (1) In the Wind—even though it sometimes makes me wonder if all your good work isn't going for nought; (2) The Shape of Things—for which I wait each week so that I may have a true understanding of the news I've read during the week—the results are amusing and amazing; and (3) for a true, open, unbiased, and willing-to-see-both-sides attitude on the (a) Negro, (b) Jewish, (c) Catholic church, (d) post-war, and (e) labor questions and issues.

In general, do you, as editors and authors, fully realize the breadth and depth of (I) the white's dislike and distrust of the Negro, (II) the Catholic's and the Protestant's ditto of the Jew, (III) the Protestant's ditto of the Catholic, (IV) damned near everyone's ditto of any "decent" post-war world aid, and (V) the office worker's ditto of unions and labor questions in general? As I am an office worker, my vision may be limited, but the discussions I have with others (store owners and workers, neighborhood defense workers, soldier friends on leave, relatives of all religions and jobs, and transients in buses and restaurants) doesn't allow me to take a very optimistic attitude. The *Daily News* seems to have more influence, not only on its readers but on the general public, than do *The Nation,* the *New Republic, PM,* and any others you may care to have classified with you.

Would it be possible for you to print an article regarding the truth or falseness of the talk I've heard (by three participants in the last war and by three members of the present army, one officer and two non-coms) about how the veterans are going to take care of the Jews as soon as the boys come home from this war? It seems that they are either going to start a new party or get control of one of the present parties and then, once in control at Washington, clear out the Jews in responsible official positions and then work on the ones in business. It also seems that labor is to be put in its place too.

A. F. WERMUTH

West Caldwell, N. J., July 27

Conscientious Objectors

Dear Sirs: Although the system of dealing with conscientious objectors in World War II is a great improvement over that of World War I, its administration has resulted in imprisoning over twice as many men of genuine conscience as were imprisoned in that war. Over 1,100 objectors to military service on conscientious grounds are in prison today, and their number is being increased by 75 to 100 a month. The reasons for this extraordinary result of a more liberal system are:

1. A narrow interpretation of the requirement of "religious training and belief" as the basis of conscientious objection, commonly interpreted by the Selective Service System in terms of belief in deity and of connection with a church. Hundreds not so recognized refuse military service and are sent to prison.

2. Failure to provide any service of national importance other than Civilian Public Service camps on the CCC model, to which many men object as "boondoggling." Refusal to accept a CPS assignment results in a prison sentence.

3. The direction of Selective Service by military officers—contrary to the explicit provision of law—whose limited notions of conscience control all Presidential appeals and all paroles from prison.

4. The commitment to prison of over 500 Jehovah's Witnesses who have refused all service under conscription, demanding a ministerial status, but who could at least be given more useful work than prison occupations.

The undersigned members of the National Committee on Conscientious Objectors, organized by the American Civil Liberties Union, are endeavoring to help solve the problems presented not only by the imprisonment of over 1,100 men but also to provide other forms of national service not associated with Civilian Public Service camps so that all genuine conscientious objectors may be engaged in occupations of use to the country.

The vast majority of men are today segregated in prisons and camps while the manpower shortage calls for every available man in productive work. Conscientious objectors are willing and eager to engage in a host of occupations not related to the conduct of the war which contribute to the national welfare. Many of them have volunteered for dangerous experiments and services.

Readers of *The Nation* can assist in this work by contributing to the expenses of maintaining representatives at Washington and of handling test cases in the courts by sending funds to Dr. Evan W. Thomas, treasurer, at 170 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Among those who sign this communication are members of the American Legion, who do not of course support the pacifist position and yet who hold that all genuine conscientious objectors should be given every opportunity for useful public service.

CYRUS LE ROY BALDRIDGE
ALLAN KNIGHT CHALMERS
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NORMAN THOMAS

New York, April 23

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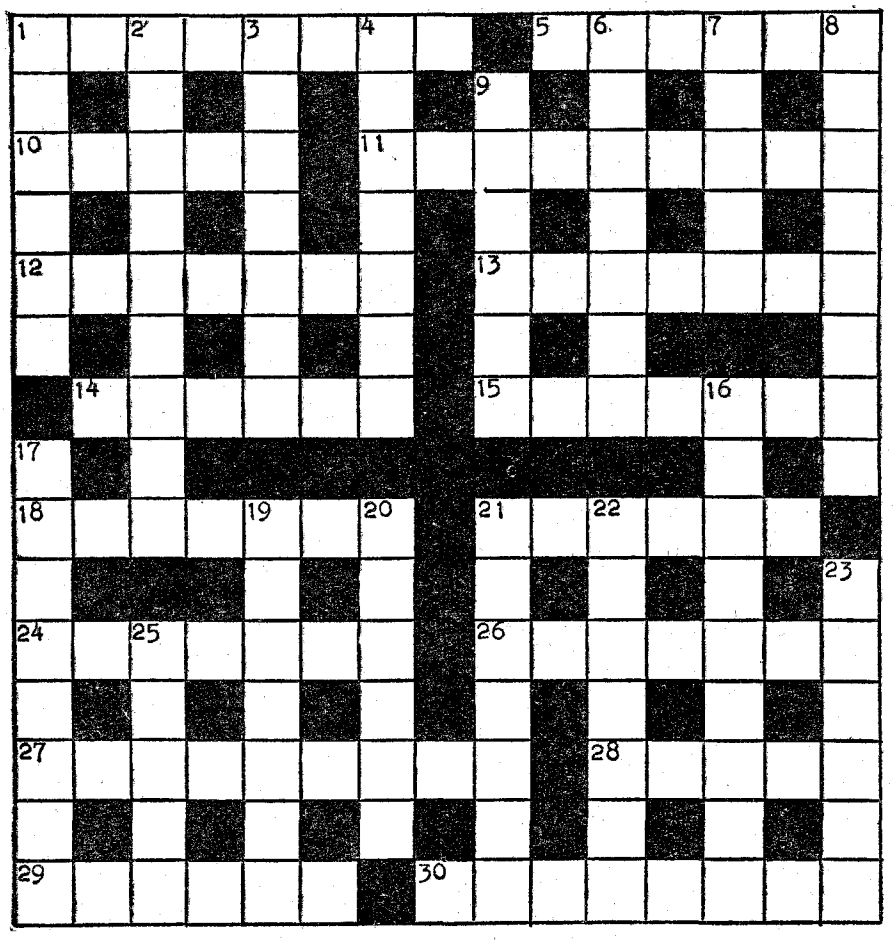
Cross-Word Puzzle No. 25

By JACK BARRETT



ACROSS

1 Wagner's last opera
5 Upset in a car? Then you'll need this!
10 The young in a disorderly revel
11 What my clues get from you, no doubt
12 Seats of the mighty
13 Oriental who will hold your clothes while you sit on him
14 Scottish musicians (?)
15 With the wind up, and you end it in France
18 It is an unhappy lot which finds none, Publius Syrus decided
21 He is a good shot, but one form of game is not enough for him
24 Can't exactly say you've got it in the neck, but the ache is there all right
26 One might be lying thus in part of the U. S. (two words, 2 and 5)
27 Cream for a sorceress?
28 A parting word
29 We shouldn't care about this wave entering our garden
30 Employed for covering loosely

DOWN

1 Topers make this quickly
2 Izaak Walton's favorite seat in the country
3 No good firing at the enemy until he's this (two words, 2 and 5)
4 Addresses
6 I am in the list; that's bully
7 Way of saying things!
8 Reprove mildly
9 East wind? No, a Near East one
16 Necessary to get a joke well into a Scotch understanding, according to Sidney Smith
17 Boxers frequently try to get what spinsters hope they won't get (two words, 4 and 4)
19 Busy people sometimes conclude a letter thus (two words, 2 and 5)
20 Latins, properly (?) handled, turned to him
21 Sound of amusement from black men
22 There are some things one wouldn't think of doing for one
23 One sees Peru in course of this transformation
25 "Happy the people whose - - - - - s are blank in history books" (Carlyle)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 24

ACROSS:—1 CARNATION; 6 MUSIC; 9 REVERSE; 10 TIME PIP; 11 DEADEYE; 12 ENCLOSE; 13 NUR; 15 DESIST; 17 OYSTER; 18 INTER; 19 LUSTRE; 22 ENDEAR; 25 RET; 27 GRIDDLE; 28 INROADS; 30 TALKIES; 31 CHARADE; 32 DODGE; 33 NONPAREIL.

DOWN:—1 CURED; 2 REVEALS; 3 AIRLESS; 4 ICEMEN; 5 NETHER; 6 MIMICRY; 7 SUPPORT; 8 CUPBEARER; 14 UNTIE; 15 DELIGHTED; 16 TIE; 17 ORE; 20 SPILLED; 21 RED WINE; 23 NIRVANA; 24 EMANATE; 25 REASON; 26 TINCAN; 29 STEEL.

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By Allan Chase

Reviewed by Alexander Uhl

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